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Sarah Box

Bought at the sale of the old Miser
Miss Tombs of Coln —

What availed all her Coffers of Gold
What availed all her Garments in stor
In the midst of her treasures untold
She was lonely and wretched and poor

Her furnitures crumbled to dust
The Spiders her Garments beset
Her treasures are tarnished by rust
And she's buried without a regret

S.B.
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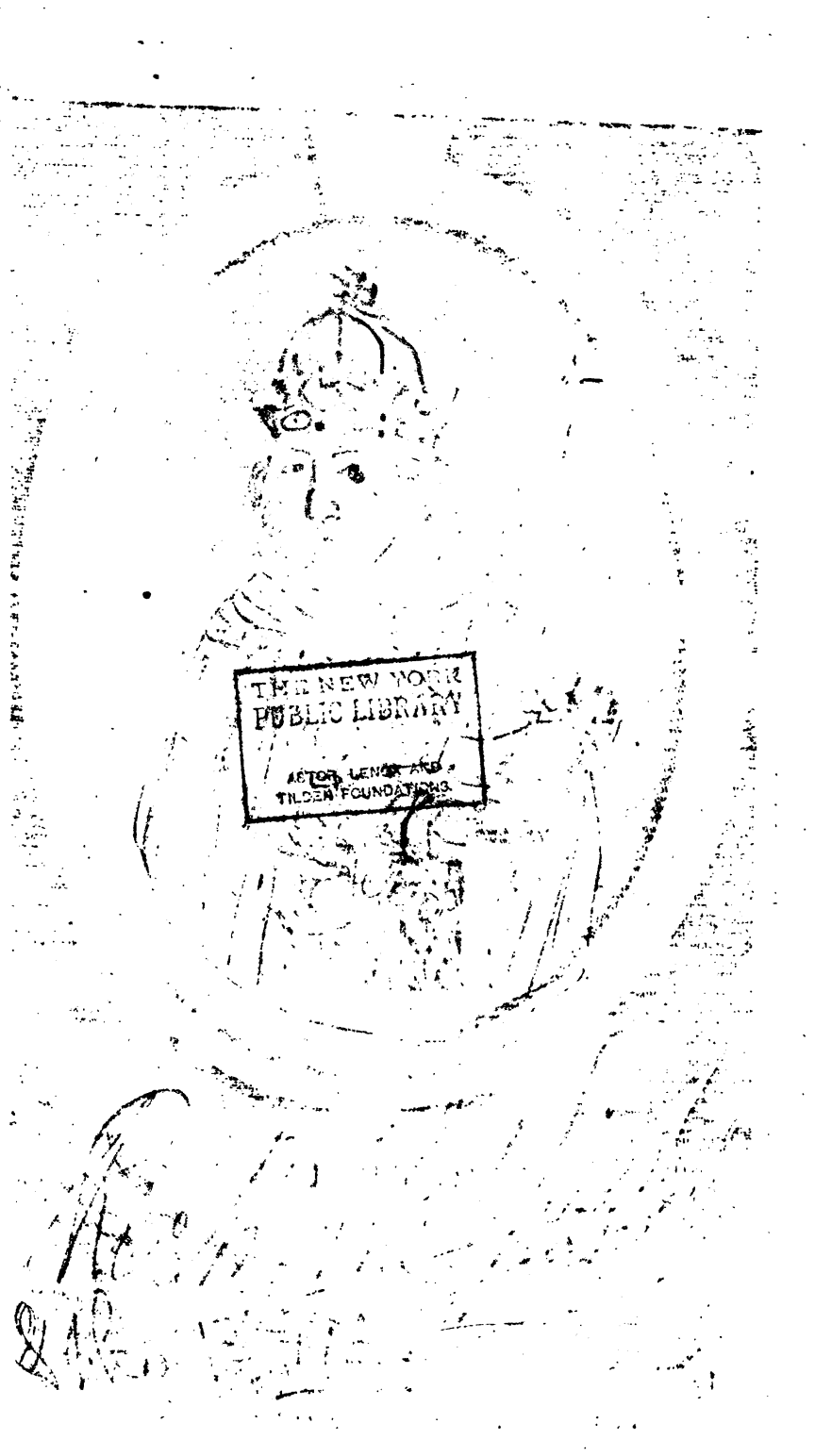
THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH-FIELD.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THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH-FIELD,

BETWEEN

RICHARD THE THIRD,

AND

HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND,

AUGUST 22, 1485.

WHEREIN IS DESCRIBED

THE APPROACH OF BOTH ARMIES,

WITH

A PLAN OF THE BATTLE, ITS CONSEQUENCES, THE FALL, TREATMENT, AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION,

A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE TILL HE ASSUMED THE REGAL POWER.

By W. HUTTON, F.A.S.

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PREFACE.

DREADFUL is the ſituation of a people, when that martial ſpirit, which ſhould only be exerted to repel an invader, is divided againſt itſelf; when inſtead of ſhedding the blood of an enemy, they ſhed their own.

The Houſe of Anjou furniſhed to this country, a numerous race of Kings, of heroes, and of ſavages. The princes of this houſe, being poſſeſſed of abilities, but having no ideas of right, had the addreſs to divide the kingdom, and direct one part to butcher the other. But happy had it been for the nation, could they have united, and expelled that neſt of vipers, who diffuſed their poiſon, to the deſtruction of thouſands. Something like this really happened at the extinction of the Stuart race. A leſſon to future ages.

The quarrel between the roſes, is one of the moſt intereſting ſtories in Hiſtory, but perhaps none is ſo defectively related; and the reaſon is, as Sir John Fenn juſtly obſerves, that the art of printing being newly diſcovered, people neglected to multiply their manuſcripts, and being anxious to preſerve the hiſtory of paſt times, forgot the preſent.

Perſuaded that the latter part of this important quarrel, the battle of Boſworth, is ſuperficially repreſented, I have taken ſome pains in a minute reſearch. This little work will nearly comprehend the hiſtory of Richard's ſhort reign.

Whatever omiſſions I may be charged with, want of aſſiduity, and enquiry are not of the number. My purſuits, as might be expected, were attended with difficulties

ties. I could not even examine the wood in Boſworth Field, without being repeatedly ſet faſt in the mire; though poſſeſſed of two feet, I could ſometime uſe neither. If in ſearching the rubbiſh of antiquity, I found an imaginary prize, it appeared ſo cankered with the ruſt of time, as to baffle the judgment. I have more than once put a whole family into ſilent amazement, by the ſingularity of my errand; by opening a ſubject, which though conſtantly under the eye, they had never noticed. I frequently perceived embarraſſment, at being unable to give me that information of their own premiſes, which a ſtranger might reaſonably expect; and have myſelf ſtood in an awkward light, while I ſolicited a gentleman to teach me what he had never learnt. But if I could not always find an anſwer to my enquiries, I always found civility.

Authentic information, of ſo remote a period, is procured with as much difficulty, by the antiquary, as water in Arabian deſerts by the traveller. I have treated my friend with a letter, and myſelf with a journey, yet all the intelligence derived from both, has been comprized in ſix words; this evinces, that a work, though ſmall, may be expenſive, and that literary emoluments are no part of my purſuit.

As the life of Richard, prior to his ſovereignty, is but little known, and that little to his diſadvantage, I have given a ſketch, in an introduction, chiefly extracted from our beſt authors, as Hollingſhead, Grafton, Buck, Dugdale, Rapin, Carte, Walpole, Fenn, &c. Actions beſt explain motives.

THE

THE

INTRODUCTION.

The LIFE *of* RICHARD *the* THIRD, *till he aſcended the* THRONE.

IF we ſurvey the houſe of Anjou, it will be found, one of the moſt extraordinary in hiſtory. The females poſſeſſed the ſpirit of men, the males, that of heroes: as ripe at fifteen, as the generality of youth at twenty. Active, revengeful, prolific, and daring; they ſeldom arrived at old age, but ſeemed willing to deſtroy each other, when fortune neglected to deſtroy them.

All agree that the name of Plantagenet ſignifies a broom-plant; and Buck tells us that *Folk*, head of the family, about a cen-

tury before the conqueſt, was enjoined by the prieſt, as a puniſhment for his ſins, to laſh himſelf with that weapon, from which he acquired its name.

This ſelf-afflicter furniſhed England with ſeventy-four male deſcendants of his own name; fourteen of whom were ſovereign princes, who filled the throne three hundred and thirty years. Among whom, only three lived to old age,

Henry the Third
Edward the Firſt, and
Edward the Third

Five fell by the hand of violence,

Richard the Firſt
Edward the Second
Richard the Second
Edward the Fifth, and
Richard the Third.

Though a crown is coveted beyond every earthly thing, nay, perhaps every heavenly, and is ſuppoſed a remedy for every human woe, yet grief ſhortened the days of three of the Anjovin Kings,

Henry the Second
John, and
Henry the Sixth,—The other three
Henry the Fourth
The Fifth, and
Edward the Fourth, were cut ſhort in early life.

If we caſt a melancholy eye, for we can caſt no other, upon the end of this numerous race, till the extinction of the name in 1499, we ſhall find, that out of ſeventy-four males,

Twenty-one died young
Twenty-four in middle age

Twenty-

Twenty-one by violence, and
Only eight ſaw old age.

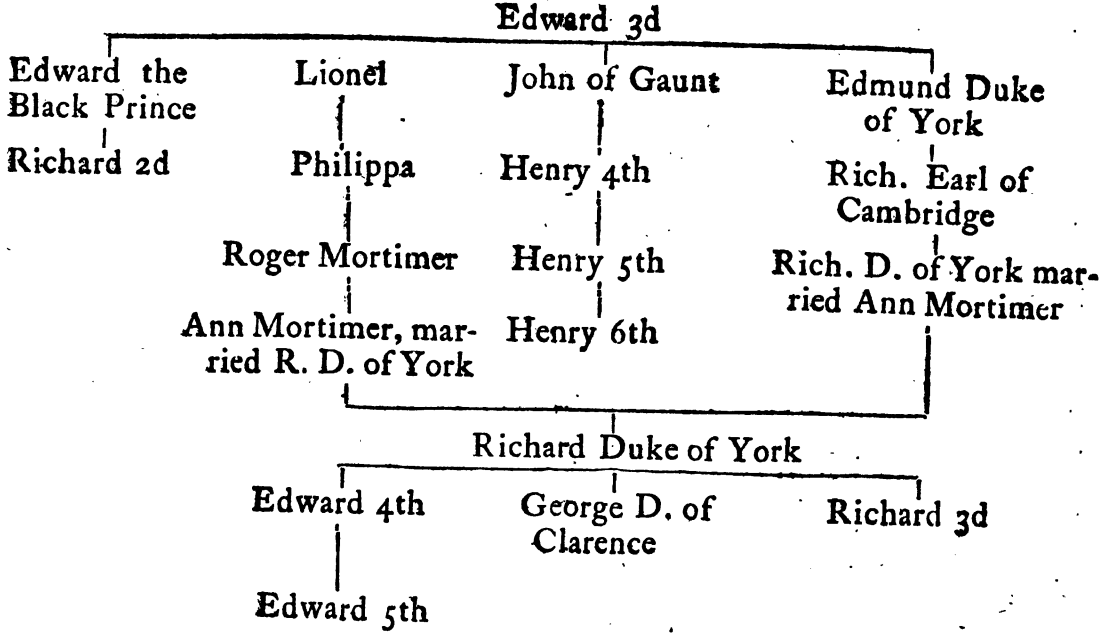
If a Plantagenet was deſtroyed, it was generally by the hand of a Plantagenet; a name always honourable, but frequently dangerous. No family was better acquainted with the axe; and if they ſhewed no mercy to each other, the ſtranger could not expect it. They dealt out deſtruction with a ſavage hand; hence the nobility and gentry fell by multitudes in the tempeſts of their wrath.

Many diſputes have happened ſince the conqueſt, for the poſſeſſion of the crown; in which, much blood has been ſpilt, and though right often pleaded, victory carried it. The firſt diſpute aroſe between the ſons of William the Conqueror; the next;

between

between Stephen and Henry the Second; then between Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth; the houſes of Stuart and Orange; and again between Stuart and Brunſwick; but the moſt terrible, was that between the roſes.

Whether the houſe of York, or that of Lancaſter had the beſt right to the crown, will appear by the following table of deſcent.


Edward 3d
Edward the Black Prince
Lionel
John of Gaunt
Edmund Duke of York
Richard 2d
Philippa
Henry 4th
Rich. Earl of Cambridge
Roger Mortimer
Henry 5th
Rich. D. of York married Ann Mortimer
Ann Mortimer, married R. D. of York
Henry 6th
Richard Duke of York
Edward 4th
George D. of Clarence
Richard 3d
Edward 5th

It appears from this pedigree, that the houſe of York could derive no title from Edmund, its founder, becauſe he was the fourth ſon of Edward the Third. That of Lancaſter was equally excluded, becauſe John of Gaunt, the head, was but the third ſon, therefore the right was veſted in Lionel the ſecond, after the heirs of the Black Prince failed; and as the Duke of York married Ann, the heireſs of Lionel, the ſole right of deſcent muſt have been veſted in her iſſue, which was Richard Duke of York. A powerful argument in favour of the Lancaſtrian family was, their long poſſeſſion of the crown, which, it was pleaded gave a preſcriptive right. But this is a dangerous doctrine; power may preſerve that poſſeſſion which juſtice cannot ratify. I have obſerved, upon another occaſion, that "whatever is wrong in the beginning, is

"difficult

"difficult for time to ſet right. If a man "ſteals a guinea, it is no more his own, "after keeping it twenty years, than it was "the firſt day."

The higher a man is elevated, the more difficult to keep his ſtation. Richard the Second was too giddy to keep his; which, Henry the Fourth, a perſon of ſuperior talents obſerving, dragged him from his throne, which he mounted himſelf. Poſſeſſion was kept in his family during three generations, when his grandſon, Henry the Sixth, a prince much weaker than Richard, was expelled by the powerful Duke of York, the legal heir, a man well able to conduct a kingdom.

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Richard the Third, was the youngeſt of eight ſons of

of the laſt mentioned Duke of York, by Cicely, ſiſter to Richard Neville, Earl of Saliſbury, and aunt to the great Earl of Warwick. He was born on Monday, October 2, 1452, at Fotheringay, in Northamptonſhire. But little is recorded of his childhood, neither can childhood produce much to record. I ſhall omit as idle tales, the difficulty of his birth, his being amputated from his mother, his deformity, his ſavage teeth, and his withered arm, as beneath the notice of hiſtory. His infancy was ſpent in his father's houſe, where he cuckt his ball, and ſhoot his taw, with the ſame delight as other lads.

His father was killed at Wakefield in 1460, Richard being ſeven years old. His mother ſent him, and his brother George, to Utrecht for ſecurity and improvement,

under the care of Phillip Duke of Burgundy, while their brother Edward, cleared his way to the throne by the ſword.

Edward, having ſubdued his enemies, and aſcended the regal ſeat, ſent for his brothers, after an abſence of ſix months, and initiated them into the uſe of arms, as an additional ſtrength to his houſe. He created George Duke of Clarence, and Earl of Richmond, to eclipſe the title of Henry Tudor, and Richard Duke of Glouceſter, and Earl of Carliſle.

There are three incidents in the Engliſh annals, which furniſhed the ſovereign with immenſe property. The ſeizure of moſt of the lands in the kingdom, by William the Conqueror, after the battle of Haſtings; the aſſumption of religious donations, by

Henry

Henry the Eighth, and the prodigious number of eſtates, alternately ſeized by the victor, in the conteſt between the roſes. Property was continually changing its owner, according to the victorious ſword. This filled the hands of the ſovereign with riches, and enabled him to gratify his adherents. To ſupport Richard's ducal character, Edward gave him the fee farm of Glouceſter, with the manors of

Kingſtone Lacy, in Dorſetſhire
Richmond in Yorkſhire
Chipping Norton in Oxfordſhire.
Sarton
Great Camps
Abiton Magna and
Swaffham, in Kent
Polenthorn
Penhall
Tremarket

Trevalin

Argelles

Trewinion, and

Droungolan, in Cornwall

Overhall

Netherhall

Aldham

Preſton

Pendham, and

Cokefield, in Suffolk. The Caſtles, and Manors of

Henham

Elham Parva

Vaur

Bumſted

Helion

Canfield Magna

Stanſted Monfitchet

Bumſted upon Terrens

Earl's Calne

Crepping

Crepping
Bentleigh Magna
Cruſtwich
Fingrithe
Doddinghurſt
Preyeres
Bower Hall
Creyes
Eſton Hall
Cileby
Beamond
Downham, ——— with
Kenſington, and
Walehurſt, in Middleſex.
Calverton, in Bedfordſhire.
Milton, and
Paſton, in Northamptonſhire.
Market Overton, in Rutlandſhire.
Flete, and
Battleſmere, in Kent. All which

were part of the eſtate of John de Vere Earl of Oxford, attainted. He alſo conſtituted Richard Lord High Admiral of England, Conſtable of Corf caſtle, and keeper of the foreſts in Eſſex.

The ſagacious Edward propoſed three advantages to himſelf by ſo liberal a bequeſt. Though this vaſt property was nominally Richard's, yet Edward would reap the profits during his minority. By parting with it, he would prevent the ſolicitation of others. He well knew, while a king had any thing to give, he would never want beggars, and it would be difficult to deny, even a beggar who had ſerved him. He early ſaw in Richard a leading capacity, and a riſing ſpirit; he wiſhed to promote his own intereſt by encouraging both; but alas, he cheriſhed a viper in his boſom;

they

they proved in the end, the deſtruction of his family.

Three years after, in 1464, Richard being twelve years of age, received a grant of all the caſtles, lordſhips, and lands, in England and Wales, late the property of Henry de Beaufort Duke of Somerſet, paternal anceſter to the preſent Duke of Beaufort, who having fled at the Battle of Towton, and, being tired with the life of an exile, threw himſelf at Edwrrd's feet, and obtained a pardon. He afterwards commanded the Lancaſtrian army at Hexham, were he was taken by the Marquis of Montague, inſtantly beheaded, attainted, and his eſtate confiſcated.

The intereſt of the houſe of Lancaſter was, by that victory, for the preſent annihi-

lated, and the court of Edward enjoyed peace about five years. In 1468, Richard drawing towards ſixteen, received a grant of the manor of Fareley in Somerſetſhire; Haighetſbury, and Cofent in Wilts, with many other lordſhips, late part of the eſtate of Robert Lord Hungerford, attainted, likewiſe, the town of Bodminſter, in Glouceſterſhire, with its dependencies, and all other lands in England, belonging to Alianore Ducheſs of Somerſet, widow of the late Duke, held in dower, which eſcheated to the crown at her death.

The next year 1469, Richard was made Conſtable of England, Juſtice of North and South Wales, and, in 1470, warden of the weſt marſhes of Scotland. Thus he was early taught to riſe, who in a few years after

after was able to teach himself. Had Edward kept him in a dependent ſtate, his wiſhes would not have ſoared ſo high as his preſent attainments; but being brought *near a king*, he found means to be altogether one. The mind cannot be ſatisfied; he who has nothing, longs for a little, and, to poſſeſs much, only opens a wiſh for more.

We are now to diſplay another ſcene, wherein the Lancaſtrian intereſt, aided by the powerful Earl of Warwick, grew terrible to the houſe of York, ſhook Edward's throne, and occaſioned his fall. A proud nobleman, armed with power, has often humbled the crown, but in no inſtance equal to this. Warwick had placed Edward upon the throne, was his principal ſupport, but taking umbrage at his conduct, forſook him, became his inveterate enemy, and undertoook

undertook the cauſe of Henry the Sixth, which he ably conducted. He not only drew his friends after him, but had the addreſs even to draw the king's brother, Clarence; by a bold ſtroke he drove Edward from the helm, and, by a bolder, took him priſoner. Edward in proſperity loſt his prudence, but never in adverſity. By a well laid plan he gained one of the greateſt bleſſings upon earth, his liberty; and with a very few friends retreated to the Continent, under the wing of the duke of Burgundy, taking with him Richard Duke of Glouceſter, then ſeventeen. And now, the Lancaſtrian party, with Margaret at the head, triumphed in a flood of ſucceſs and of blood.

Edward became an humble ſolicitor to Burgundy, for aid, to proſecute his fortune, and

and after an abſence of ſeven months, returned with the aſſiſtance of the Duke, marched to London, augmented his forces, and went in quēſt of the enemy.

Warwick, ready to meet him, marched from St. Alban's and pitched his camp, on Gladmore Heath, a mile north of Barnet. Edward, marched from London, entered the town in the evening, where his people were much inclined to ſtay and refreſh, which he would not ſuffer, but ordered every man away to the heath. Both armies approached the field the night preceding the action. Edward's came laſt. Through the darkneſs of the night, he could not diſcover the enemy, but by miſtake, pitched his camp rather aſlant, than oppoſite Warwick's. He enjoined ſilence; and fortified his camp as well as time would allow,

to

to prevent a ſurprize. Both armies had artillery, but Warwick's exceeded Edward's; Warwick played upon the royal army during the whole night, but did little or no execution, for Edward lying nearer than was ſuppoſed, the ſhot flew over him, Each army conſiſted of about 10,000.

At break of day, Eaſter Sunday, April 14, 1471, Edward ſounded his trumpets to arms, and Warwick drew up in order of battle; but a fog was ſo thick, that neither party diſcovered the other. Warwick gave the command of the right wing to his brother, John Neville, Marquis of Montague, who had won the battle of Hexham, but ſince, changed ſides. John de Vere Earl of Oxford, aſſiſted by John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who had married Edward's ſiſter, commanded the left. The centre were archers,

chers, under Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerſet, brother to the late Duke. Warwick himſelf conducted the rear.

The whole van of Edward's army was commanded by Richard Duke of Glouceſter, a lad of eighteen; which proves Edward's high opinion of his talents, and confidence in his fidelity. Probably Richard's courage and inclination for the ſervice, induced him to ſolicit for this dangerous poſt. Edward, aſſiſted by the Duke of Clarence, whom he had recovered back from Warwick, commanded the ſecond line, in which he placed King Henry, having brought him out of the Tower to be ſhot at. Lord Haſtings led the rear. Excluſive of theſe three lines, Edward had a corps of reſerve, for occaſional uſe, which proved of great ſervice.

Edward

Edward and Warwick encouraged their men with all the eloquence they were maſters of, and each, as uſual, pleaded the juſtice of his cauſe, the protection of the Almighty, and dealt out abuſe againſt his antagoniſt.

The thickneſs of the miſt cauſed another miſtake, in preventing the armies from being drawn up face to face. Warwick's left extended towards the eaſt, and far outflanked Edward's right, while *his* left as far overſhot Warwick's right.

Soon after the battle began, a ſmall part of Edward's right, being overpowered by Oxford, fled to London, and declared, victory was decided for Warwick. The ſame fog which had deceived the two armies

continued

continued to deceive; Edward's badge being a ſun, and Oxford's a ſtar, both with rays, Oxford's miſtook their own people for Edward's, and fell upon them, when Oxford cried out "Treaſon" and fled with 800 men. This diſaſter did not encourage one party, nor diſhearten the other, becauſe neither were able to ſee it for the miſt. The King's people on the weſt out flanking Warwick, became in turn ſucceſsful, and routed the enemies right.

The conteſt had continued till near noon; rather in favour of Edward, which the Earl of Warwick obſerving, and remembering his character in the world as a hero, and being unwilling to loſe his power of making kings, bravely exerted himſelf, and encouraged others, till the battle became more fierce, and the victory doubtful.

Edward

Edward, as the laſt bold effort, brought up his reſerve. This no way diſmayed the Earl, who ſtill encouraged his people by telling them "it was the laſt reſort of an "uſurper." But Richard Duke of Glouceſter who commanded Edward's van, bore down all before him. It is difficult to withſtand a man who is determined nothing ſhall withſtand him. Warwick, inflamed, attempted to do *himſelf*, what his men were unable. He fought on foot, contrary to his uſual practice, and in his ardour for conqueſt, cut his way into the midſt of his enemies, forgetting that he was venturing into the jaws of a boar; ſurrounded by Richard's people, and his own being too much diſheartened to effect his relief, he fell a victim to their fury. The Marquis of Montague, though ſuppoſed a friend to Edward, could not bear to ſee a brother in

diſtreſs, and in attempting to ſupport him, fell himſelf. Here oppoſition ceaſed.

Thus it appears, when Edward committed ſo important a truſt to his brother Richard, it was not an error of judgment; nor does Clarence ſeem to have taken umbrage, at being ordered to the centre, while his younger brother commanded the van. The infant ſword of Richard had now eſtabliſhed that character for bravery, which time cannot efface. John Milwater, and Thomas a Par, two of his ſquires, were ſlain at his feet.

There fell on the King's ſide, the Lords Cromwell, Say, and Pentoiſe, with many Knights, 'Squires, and Gentlemen. None of the nobility were ſlain in the Lancaſtrian intereſt except the two brothers. The

Duke of Exeter was desperately wounded. Somerset and Oxford, attempted to retreat into Scotland, but altering their design, turned towards the left, and marched into Wales, to join Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and the King marched in triumph to London.

An Obelisk was erected by Sir Jeromy Sambroke, upon Gladmore Heath, in 1740 to commemorate the battle, with this inscription·

Here

Here was
Fought the
Famous BATTLE
Between EDWARD
the IVth and the
Earl of WARWICK,
Anno 1471,
In which the Earl
was defeated
and ſlain.

The keeper at the Red Cow, near the Obeliſk, has preſerved a ball, a pound and a half weight, which he dug out of the ground.

Though Richard, for the firſt time, had drawn a victorious ſword, he was not yet to ſheath it. News was brought to Edward on Eaſter-Tueſday, that Margaret, with her

ſon, had landed the day of the battle, at Weymouth. Edward ſtaid but four days in London, before he went again with his army, in queſt of an enemy. The two antagoniſts met at Tewkeſbury, May the fourth, only twenty days after the battle of Barnet.

Edward, as before, marſhalled his troops in three diviſions. Over the firſt, he appointed his brother, the victorious Duke of Glouceſter, took the center himſelf, and gave Lord Haſtings the third. Approaching the enemy, he perceived they were entrenched, and could not be attacked, but at a manifeſt diſadvantage. The Queen's army was drawn up in three lines; the firſt was commanded by the Duke of Somerſet, who fled from Barnet, aſſiſted by his brother, Lord John Beaufort. The ſecond, by

the Prince of Wales, aſſiſted by Lord Wenlock; and the third by Courtney, Earl of Devonſhire.

Edward was provoked becauſe he could not join battle with the enemy, therefore ordered his artillery to open, which did ſome execution, while Richard continued a briſk diſcharge of arrows. Somerſet in return, played his artillery and ſmall arms with effect, and now might be ſeen two armies briſkly fighting, with a trench between them, Somerſet's artillery was inferior to the King's, for the latter had recruited his at Barnet.

As the Duke of Glouceſter was not able to reach them with his ſword, he was determined to reach them with his policy. Knowing the impetuous temper of the

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human heart, is never aſcribed to Richard. It was thought by his enemies, if they thought at all, that the tender feelings of a lover, could never enter the breaſt of a monſter. But Richard's diſpoſition was in every reſpect, like that of other men, two qualities excepted, *Bravery* and *Ambition*. In theſe he exceeded the run of mankind. The great Earl of Warwick had two daughters, Iſabel, and Ann, which laſt, Buck calls "the better woman," but does not ſay why. When the Earl had perſuaded the weak Clarence to deſert his brother's intereſt, and fly to the Continent, he united him to his own, by giving him Iſabel in marriage, and promiſing half his fortune. Edward Prince of Wales, ſoon after, married the other. Ann, becoming a widow, by the murder of the Prince at Tewkeſbury, and Richard ſtruck with her beauty,

beauty, paid his addreſſes; Clarence, like many of the Plantagenets, having no ideas of juſtice, had ſeized the *whole* fortune, which he refuſed to refund, but exerted every effort in his power to prevent the match. This cauſed a violent quarrel between the two brothers. Clarence fearing Richard would be two powerful, for he who is right, has many advantages over him who is wrong, conveyed the lady away, and hid her ſo privately that ſhe could not be found. The gallant Richard, with the eyes of Argus, the diligence of Jaſon, and the aſſiſtance of love, like a faithful knight, and true to his injured miſtreſs, neither gave himſelf or others reſt in the purſuit. After many adventures he diſcovered her, ſecreted in an obſcure place in London, diſguiſed like a ſervant girl, nay, in the deranged dreſs of a cook maid. Like the

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Scotland was in confuſion. Her King was weak, and the people diſſatisfied. He had two brothers. One he had bled to death, the other impriſoned. The living brother, Alexander, eſcaped from confinement, and fled to England, under the protection of Edward. Theſe two entered into a treaty for which they both deſerved puniſhment. Edward was to diſpoſſeſs James of the throne; and place Alexander upon it, who was to do homage for his kingdom, to Edward; to break the truce with

with Lewis, and enter into one with the King of England againſt him; to divorce his wife, and marry Edward's daughter; though already engaged to the Prince of Scotland, his nephew; but if the church would not grant a divorce, his ſon was to marry her. The King's daughter was a forward girl, was early ripe for a huſband, and longed for one, as ſoon as ripe. Her fortune, which was 20,000 marks, had, in part, been paid by Edward's bungling miniſters, and the Scots valued the money more than the lady.

Edward having raiſed an army conſiſting of 23,000 men, gave the command to the Duke of Glouceſter, who began his march, in May 1482, accompanied by Alexander, who aſſumed the title of King. In July they reached Alnwick. By ſlow marches they

arrived

arrived in Scotland and began to lay waſte the country, there being no army to oppoſe them. Richard took Edinburgh, and ſent to inform James, "if he did not fulfil his "engagements with England, he would de-"ſtroy the whole kingdom." The nobility of Scotland aſſembled, ratified the treaty afreſh, and delivered up Berwick, when Glouceſter with his army returned to England. Nothing memorable happened to Richard during the reſidue of his brother's reign, which was only a few months.

The death of Edward the Fourth, opened a new, and extraordinary ſcene, in which Richard ſhewed himſelf a moſt accompliſhed and wicked actor. There is not in the whole hiſtory of the Engliſh Kings, a ſimilar inſtance of a prince forming a

deſign

deſign upon the crown, laying ſo able, and deep a ſcheme, in which were ſo many obſtacles; ſurmounting them all, and gaining the beloved object in eight weeks! Theſe obſtacles would have appeared inſurmountable to any eye but Richard's. He had to overcome Rivers and Gray, with all their adherents, who were powerful, and in poſſeſſion of the ſovereign; the potent friends of Edward's family, as Derby, Haſtings, York, Ely, &c. but what was ſingular, he had the moſt powerful of all, *the people*. Neither was he aſſiſted in this amazing undertaking, by any perſon of power except the Duke of Buckingham, who was won by deluſive promiſes, never to be fulfilled. He was the ſtep by which Richard mounted the throne, and then deſtroyed. The fate of every branch of oppoſition

was determined; the King was committed to priſon; Stanley was to be cut off, as if by an accidental blow; the two Biſhops ſeized and confined; Rivers, with the King's friends were ſolemnly murdered in the face of the ſun; Haſtings, in a manner unknown in hiſtory; and what was aſtoniſhing, the people were moſt unaccountably duped. One circumſtance was much in Richard's favour, not one of the heads with which he contended was equal to his own. A bolder diſplay of maſterly talents, is no where met with.

Richard being arrived at the regal ſeat, the ultimate of his wiſhes, the pinacle of vanity, I ſhall cloſe this firſt part of his life, which has been but little noticed by our hiſtorians, with an account of his coronation; from George Buck. This

was

was the firſt author who ever durſt ſpeak in favour of Richard. He ſeems to have written the King's life, or rather, his vindication, about a century after the battle of Boſworth, and ſays many weak things, and falſe, but more true. Provoked at Henry the Seventh, for his treatment of Sir John Buck, a near relation, taken at Boſworth, and beheaded with Cateſby, at Leiceſter, he takes a decided part againſt him, and endeavours to exculpate Richard from every charge. If we cannot find the angel in his deſcription of the King, we find the perfection of man.

When the Duke of Buckingham addreſſed Richard in the pretended name of the nobility and Commons of England, to take the crown; he ſhily accepted *that* which he moſt ardently wiſhed for, and replied

with a ſerious face, "As they were *deter-* "*mined* to make him a King, he was reſolved "to make himſelf a good one, and deſired "to live no longer then while he endea- "voured to promote the proſperity of the "kingdom." Upon this Buckingham and his followers cried out *God ſave King Richard.* A diſcerning ſpectator muſt have ſmiled at the farce.

Buckingham, to ſerve his maſter, or rather himſelf, procured a few addreſſes, wherein particular care was taken to hint at the baſtardy of Edward's children, and the attainter of Clarence's. Theſe were delivered to the Lords, aſſembled in Weſtminſter-hall, June 26, 1483. Richard ſitting among them in a marble chair, or rather upon the celebrated coronation ſtone, yet preſerved in St. Edward's chapel. He was then

then declared King, and the next day proclaimed. After which he rode in great pomp from London to Weſtminſter, and placing himſelf in the royal ſeat, gave a charge to the judges, in a religious ſtrain, to adminiſter juſtice. He then approached the abbey, and was met at the door by the monks in proceſſion, when the Abbot delivered into his hand, the ſceptre of St. Edward. In this manner, he aſcended to St. Edward's chapel, and made an offering at the ſhrine, while the Monks ſung *Te Deum.* He afterwards returned in proceſſion to his palace in London.

The man who is fond of power, is fond of parade; this was Richard's caſe, or why did he travel from Nottingham to Boſworth Field with his crown upon his head? which, by the way, tends to prove a point

long diſputed, that he was not that miſ-ſhapen monſter he is repreſented. He who is ill-made would rather *hide* than publiſh his deformity, and nothing makes a man more conſpicuous than a crown.

July 4, he went with his Queen by water, to the Tower, where they ſlept that night, and the next day, the fifth, he rode with his ſon from the Tower, through the city to Weſtminſter, in the higheſt degree of ſplendour, attended by three Dukes, all that England could boaſt, for Dukes were not then plentiful; nine Earls, twenty-two Viſcounts and Barons, eighty Knights, with an innumerable company of 'Squires, and all the officers of the crown, who were to ſerve at the coronation. This oſtentatious parade, was deſigned to gratify Richard, and amuſe the people, for nothing

was

was tranſacted except conferring honours. The Duke of Buckingham was called *the glory of the day*, for he out-ſhone the whole company in the richneſs of his attire. His horſe, and himſelf were dreſſed in a ſuit of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, in imitation of fire, which ſeemed even to kindle, and flame in the ſun. The rich trappings hung to the ground, and, being furniſhed with gold taſſels, were ſupported, like a paul, by footmen in the moſt coſtly dreſſes. His horſe, in this gaudy proceſſion, was taught to be as proud as his rider.

This grand cavalcade arriving at Weſtminſter-hall, Richard created his ſon, Prince of Wales; inveſted John Lord Howard with the Garter, and created him Duke of Norfolk; this honour was ſaid to be conferred becauſe he was deſcended from

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Nearly all the nobility attended the King in this expedition, many of them holding eſtates by military tenure. By an indenture of 1474, which conveyed ſeveral lordſhips to the Duke of Glouceſter, he was to ſerve the King his brother, in the wars of France and Normandy, and find at his own expence, one hundred and twenty men at arms, nineteen of which were to be Knights, and a thouſand archers.

Edward raiſed by his frowns, his ſmiles, and his kiſſes, the fineſt army that had been ſeen in England for ſome time; we are not told their number, but I judge near 30,000, and led them in perſon to France. Their rich dreſſes and trappings, indicated oſtentation more than fighting. Whether Edward meant any thing beſides parade, is uncertain, for Burgundy and he

quarrelled

quarrelled as ſoon as they met. The French King, terrified at Edward's gallant army, offered him terms, which promoted an agreement.

Some of the principle officers, with Glouceſter at their head, who wiſhed to profit by the war, loudly remonſtrated againſt the peace. "We have gained no-"thing," ſays the Duke "for all our la-"bour and expence but ſhame" He afterwards paid a viſit to the King of France, who, knowing his great credit with his brother, treated him with the utmoſt civility. The unſullied army returned to England, with a loſs of reputation, but not of blood.

Richard being governor of the northern marches, his reſidence was at Sheriff-Hut-

ton, in Yorkſhire, and ſometimes at Nottingham caſtle. We have in the former part of his life, beheld a war-like character, but in this we ſhall contemplate an amiable one. The terror of his name prevented northern inroads. All was quiet during his adminiſtration. He diſtributed juſtice to thoſe who wanted it, and civility to all. By his moderation and probity, he conciliated the affections of the inhabitants. His credit roſe to that elevation, and ſhone with that ſplendour, as not to ſet for many years after his death.

He had now gone through about twenty-five years, without a ſpot. As a legiſlator he rivalled the ſages of antiquity; as a warrior, even without the aſſiſtance of any heavenly goddeſs, he equalled the Trojan heroes. Had ſome future crimes been avoided

avoided, and, had not his character fallen into the hands of the Tudors, who multiplied thoſe crimes, and blew all up into magnitude, he would have ſtood one of the firſt candidates for fame.

Perhaps about this time 1477, we may fairly date the riſe of his ambition, the time in which he firſt raiſed his ideas to royalty. He had been taught to rule; was well qualified; power was bewitching; the crown had a dazzling luſtre; he had iſſue, and he wiſhed to fix it in his family. The unhappy difference between Edward and his brother Clarence, gave Richard the firſt opening. There is too much reaſon to think he artfully fomented the quarrel. But this point, like that of fixing upon the perpetrator of a private murder, may be *believed* eaſier than *proved*.

Thus much is evident, Clarence's faults were rather fooliſh than vicious. He had committed no crime worthy of death. Edward was ſtrongly perſuaded to cut him off, but did not want much perſuaſions to have ſaved him. We are not only to blame if we commit a crime, but even if we do not prevent one, when in our power. Richard ſtood high with his ſovereign. He might have been gratified with any favour for aſking. One word would have ſaved Clarence. He did not utter that word.

Clarence left two innocent orphans. An act of attainter immediately paſſed, to corrupt their blood, and ſeize their property. This unjuſt act could not originate from Edward; he had nothing to fear from younger branches; nay, they might rather be

be future ſupports to his family. It could not originate from the two houſes; they were no more than ſpaniels who fetched and carried at the command of the crown. Richard muſt have been the author, becauſe no man living could derive the leaſt benefit but himſelf; beſides, it was part of a conſiſtent plan. There were two families between him and a ſceptre, thoſe of his two brothers: He had now diſpoſed of one.

Clarence, no doubt, had entertained ſome diſtant hopes of a crown; this appears from two incidents; his bluſtering words, tending to baſtardize his brother, which could only be meant to make a way for himſelf; and, his agreement with the Lancaſtrian party, when he left Edward to join them. Henry the Sixth, and his iſſue, were to ſway the ſceptre, and upon failure,

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Clarence, and his. This proves that Clarence had proceeded beyond his right; and the man who will take *a little* of another's, will take more if not prevented. Thus we find three brothers anxious to fill that throne which would hold but one. There was, however, nothing to fear from Clarence, he was too weak a man to carry any point.

In the wars between England and France, the French generally ſpurred on the Scots to break through all treaties with the Engliſh, and make inroads upon the marches. The French, Scots, and Welch, rarely quarrelled with each other, but if England differed with any one of the three, the others, if able, were ready to aſſiſt againſt her. The Picts wall, ſtands a laſting monument of thoſe barbarous ages; when even in times of peace, all interçourſe was prohibited between

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Edward the Firſt, but *really* becauſe he was a firm friend to Richard. He alſo made him Earl Marſhall of England and High Admiral.

Thomas Howard, his eldeſt ſon, was created Earl of Surry, knight of the Garter, and, what is very remarkable, high conſtable of England, for the day of the coronation only, and at the ſame time he created the Duke of Buckingham, high conſtable for life, which he claimed by inheritance. This trifling defect in etiquette ſeemingly of no moment, was probably the cauſe of overturning a kingdom, by giving Buckingham the firſt umbrage, cauſing his revolt, and raiſing that tempeſt which beat down the white roſe. The proud ſpirit of Buckingham could not forgive being denied figuring away, in that important

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ant office, upon the moſt auſpicious day, perhaps in his whole life, and being condemned to bear the train of a man, whom he had really created a King! Though he was made high ſteward for the coronation, yet, while another was carrying a ſceptre, a ſword, or a crown, before Majeſty, he muſt be conſigned to the humble office of *following* and holding the train. The ſudden diſguſt which ſeized him, points to this as the firſt cauſe.

The King created William Lord Barkley, Earl of Nottingham; Francis Lovell, Viſcount Lovell, and Lord Chamberlain. Lord Stanley was reſtored, and made ſteward of the houſhold, Thomas Rotherham, Cardinal, and Archbiſhop of York, who had been committed for delivering the Great Seal to King Edward's widow, was enlarged

and

and received into favour by the politic Richard, who was ſenſible of his power.

The King now revived the ancient order of the Bath, that he might multiply favours to gratify his friends, and dubbed Edward de la Pool, ſon to the Duke of Suffolk, his own nephew,

George Gray ſon to the Earl of Kent
William Zouch, ſon to the Lord Zouch
Henry Neville, ſon to Lord Abergavenny
Chriſtopher Willoughby
Henry Bainton
Thomas Bullen
William Say
William Enderby
Thomas de Vernon
Lord William Barkley
Thomas Arundel
Gervis de Clifton

Edmund

Edmund Beddingfield
Thomas Lucknor
William Barkley of Weley Caſtle in the vicinity of Birmingham
John Brown, and
Another Gentleman of the name of Barkley.

Several of the above knights fought afterwards for Richard, at Boſworth-field.

And now arrived the moſt happy day in Richard's life, July 6, 1483, a day far ſurpaſſing even thoſe in which he loſt his brothers, won a bride, or the battles of Barnet and Tewkeſbury. The Biſhop of Rocheſter led the van of a grand proceſſion, from the Tower to Weſtminſter, bearing the croſs; the Cardinal, and the Earl of Huntington followed with the gilt ſpurs; then the Earl of Bedford, with St. Edward's

ward's ſtaff; after them the Earl of Northumberland, with a naked ſword without a point, the emblem of mercy; Lord Stanley, with a mace, ſignifying government; the Earl of Kent on the right, and Lord Lovell on the left, each bearing a ſword with a point, emblems of Juſtice; next, the Duke of Suffolk, who had married Richard's ſiſter, with the ſceptre; the Earl of Lincoln, ſon to Suffolk, with the ball and croſs: the Earl of Surry as high conſtable of England, with the ſword of ſtate, in a rich ſcabbard; the Duke of Norfolk, his father, on his right, with the imperial crown: then followed *the King* in a fur-coat and robe of purple, under a canopy borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports, the Biſhop of Durham on his right, and the Biſhop of Bath on his left; his train, as above, ſupported by Buckingham,

ham, holding a white ſtaff as High Steward of England, but no mention is made this day of his dreſs; which is a further evidence that rancour, from diſappointment, entered his heart the preceding day.

Then the Queen and her attendents; firſt an Earl, with the principle ſceptre; Viſcount Leſlie bearing another, with the dove; the Earl of Wiltſhire, with the crown; then the Queen, in robes like thoſe of the King, between two Biſhops, under a canopy like his, and borne by the Barons: on her head was a coronet, ſet with diamonds; her train was ſupported by the counteſs of Richmond, mother to Henry the Seventh, followed by the King's ſiſter, the Ducheſs of Suffolk, attended by the Baroneſſes, and other ladies.

The whole proceſſion entered the weſt door of the Abbey. The King and Queen only were ſeated, and the choir ſung: then they aſcended to the altar, changed their robes, and put on others that were open or ſlit in various places, to facilitate the idle practice of anointing, which was performed: after this they retreated, and put on cloth of gold, and returned to their ſeats. The Cardinal Archbiſhop, aſſiſted by other Biſhops, proceeded to the remainder of the ceremony, by putting the ſceptre into the King's left hand, the globe into his right, and the imperial crown upon his head. The Queen's ſceptre was put into her right hand, that with the dove, into her left. On each ſide the King ſtood a Duke, before him, the Earl of Surry, with his ſword of ſtate. On each ſide the Queen, a Biſhop, and in front, a lady kneeling. The Cardinal

dinal then ſaid maſs, and gave the bleſſing. The King and Queen jointly received the Sacrament, at the high altar. Approached St. Edward's ſhrine, the King offered up his crown, originally belonging to the Saint, and putting on another, returned in the ſame ſtate into Weſtminſter-hall, and afterwards retired for a ſmall ſpace.

In the intrim came in the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marſhall, ſuperbly mounted, and covered with cloth of gold to the ground, to diſperſe the croud in the hall.

The coronation being ended, the King and Queen, about four, ſet down to dinner in the middle of the hall. The Queen on his left, attended by two Counteſſes. On his right ſat the Cardinal Archbiſhop. The

ladies

ladies were placed at a long table in the middle of the hall, near the King's. The Lord Chancellor and the nobles at another. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with Knights, and gentlemen at others.

When the company were ſeated, came again the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marſhall, the Earl of Surry High Conſtable, Stanley Lord Steward, Sir William Hopton Lord Treaſurer of the Houſhold, and Sir Thomas Percy, Comptroller, all on foot, and ſerved the King's table with one diſh of gold, and another of ſilver. The Queen was ſerved in gilt veſſels, and the Cardinal in ſilver diſhes.

During the ſecond courſe, Sir Robert Dymock, the King's champion entered, mounted and capariſoned with all the ornaments

ments of his office, and proclaimed, "Who-"ever ſhall ſay King Richard the Third "was not lawfully King, he would fight "him at all hazards;" and, to ratify the engagement, threw down his gauntlet, then the hall reſounded *King Richard, God ſave King Richard.* He repeated his challenge thrice, when an officer of the cellar brought a gilded cup filled with wine, which he drank and carried away the veſſel, as his ancient fee. This cuſtom claims its origin from the conqueſt. Marmion was a powerful Baron, and came over with William, from whom he received many grants, among others, the manor of Scrivleby, in Lincolnſhire, to be held by grand ſerjeantry; that at every coronation, he or his ſucceſſors, ſhould, as champions, give a challenge at the King's table, and fight any man who ſhould deny his title. The

f lordſhip

lordſhip and the office, continued in the Marmions about 300 years, till the extinction of the male line. Coheirs were left; one of them marrying a Dymock, carried both the manor and the office into his family, where they yet remain. Whatever may be the champion's feelings, in this magnanimous challange, he is as ſafe on a coronation day, as on any other. If he was ever in danger, it muſt have been in challanging *Richard's* title, for no King produced a worſe. But if fear ſeizes him in this tremendous undertaking, he has this comfort, that he hides it under a cumberous helmet.

The Heralds then approached, and after pronouncing the word *Largeſſe* three times, departed. When the Lord Mayor of London entered, as Lord chief Butler of England

land for that day, by ancient preſcription, attend by the Sheriffs, and ſerved the royal pair with ſweet wines; each receiving a gold cup with a cover as a perquiſite. By this time, night being far advanced, the company departed, and Richard bid adieu to the happieſt day he muſt ever behold.

If we examine Richard's character, as it then ſtood with the world, now in his thirtieth year, we ſhall find in many inſtances, it appeared in an amiable light. Wherever he reſided, he won the inhabitants. His munificence was great; Lord Bacon ſays "beyond his power." His matrimonial diſpute with Clarence, terminated to his honour. As a ſubject, and a brother, he behaved to his ſovereign without reproach. Viewed in a martial light, he ſtood one of the firſt of the age. An heroic

character

character is peculiarly pleaſing to the Engliſh. A name thus eſtabliſhed, is not inſtantly deſtroyed.

But as a counter-balance, there were three matters againſt him. His private machinations, deſtructive to Clarence; although theſe were ſo artfully conducted, as perhaps not then to affect his character. The death of Haſtings in London, and the noblemen at Pontefract, was another, this however, was too recent to be decided upon with preciſion. But the moſt material was his ſeizing the crown to the prejudice of the legal heirs; for though this unjuſt proceeding was buried in ſilence, by the hand of power, it rankled in the breaſts of the thoughtful. Thus, upon balancing his excellencies and defects, he could not ſtand ill with the people at his ſham election.

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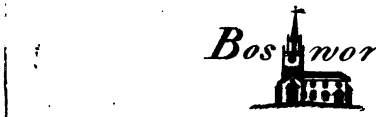

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BATTLE, &c.

MAN, as an intelligent animal, is continually in queſt of events, and marks them with value according to their magnitude. Some of the moſt intereſting we know are military conteſts. Very few pieces of hiſtory demand more attention than the deſcription of a battle. When the lives of thouſands, the change of property, and the fate of empires are at ſtake, no wonder our thoughts are captivated. It follows, the more material the action, the more faithful ought to be the deſcription.

Battles are ſingular periods; productive of ſtrange events. Much may depend upon a trifle, the effects of a trifle may be victory, and the effects of victory, everlaſting.

The battle of Boſworth was the laſt of thirteen between the houſes of York and Lancaſter; and though it was one of the leaſt, it was of more conſequence than the other twelve; nay, the revolutions it cauſed, were of greater moment than thoſe of any other, ſince the conqueſt, for it produced a change in the conſtitution. Villanage was aboliſhed, the feudal ſyſtem overturned, commercial treaties were ratified, a ſpirit of induſtry encouraged, a flow of wealth was the reſult, and a kind of equality was eſtabliſhed among men.

I muſt however, intreat the reader's par-

don for troubling him with a battle after a lapſe of three hundred years, and which has been deſcribed by a multitude of hiſtorians. He may reaſonably ſuppoſe, all that can be ſaid upon this ſubject, has been ſaid ages paſt.—But if he peruſes with attention, the various authors upon this important point of Engliſh hiſtory, the following obſervations will naturally occur—That this battle was never deſcribed by an eye witneſs; nor is it at all ſurpriſing, for the private men were as illiterate as the Wedneſbury colliers, and perhaps but few of the officers were able to write their names, ignorance, and its companion prejudice, were the characteriſtics of the day—That, as it originally was fabricated upon hearſay, every ſubſequent writer, without much enquiry, followed his leader—That it never was deſcribed in any age, by one

who had ſeen the field, becauſe the geography is omitted.---That every deſcriber appears fond of the wonderful. They tell us among other remarkables, of broken armour being found of an enormous ſize, as if the ſtrength of that age ſurpaſſed that of the former. I have ſeen ſome, which differ very little from the preſent, this inclines me to queſtion, whether the wonderfuliers might not miſtake the head of a [illegible] for that of an arrow---The hiſtorians, agreeable to the faſhion of the firſt age, were all favourers of the houſe of Lancaſter. Rapin ſeems the firſt who made the remark; hence the houſe of Tudor is placed in a more amiable light than it deſerves, and black as Richard's character was, he is placed in a more deteſtable; thus we are deceived with a ſuperficial and random hiſtory---They alſo abound with doubtful

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Nor have I ever met with a writer who entered into the ſubject, or had ever given it his thoughts. The leaſt part of my information was derived from thoſe, who, having profeſſedly treated of the battle, ought to have furniſhed the moſt. Our expectations are heightened when we peruſe Burton's hiſtory of Leiceſterſhire, and find he had every advantage for information; nay, perhaps was the only author that had. He owned, and reſided upon the very lordſhip adjoining the famous field; might have leiſurely ſurveyed the ſcene, and contemplated the actions performed upon it; had beheld many of the curioſities found on the ſpot; lived near that period, and perſonally knew many who actually ſaw the battle. He might have been maſter of all the traditions of the country; and able to form a complete ſyſtem of that ſingular event, and con-

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at pleaſure, he alone ſet the crown on Richard's head; not out of love to the king, but himſelf. Buckingham thought, like other men, his wages could not be too great, and Richard thought the ſame, before the work was done; but there is nothing more common than to throw by a tool which has performed all we wanted. How far theſe degraded characters had driven a bargain, never fully appeared to the world; but all agree, and with reaſon, that Buckingham wiſhed a moiety of the Hereford eſtate, veſted in the crown, and Richard cheriſhed the wiſh. Perhaps he ſolicited for the whole, and was diſappointed by receiving only a part---- Humphry Bohun Earl of Hereford was immenſely rich, poſſeſſing more than forty lordſhips, about 2300*l.* per annum. He had two daughters; Ann married to Thomas Duke of Glouceſter, ſon of Edward the Third,

who had ſeen the field, becauſe the geography is omitted.---That every deſcriber appears fond of the wonderful. They tell us among other remarkables, of broken armour being found of an enormous ſize, as if the ſtrength of that age ſurpaſſed that of the former. I have ſeen ſome, which differ very little from the preſent, this inclines me to queſtion, whether the wonderers might not miſtake the head of a [illegible] for that of an arrow---The hiſtorians, agreeable to the faſhion of the firſt age, were all favourers of the houſe of Lancaſter. Rapin ſeems the firſt who made the remark; hence the houſe of Tudor is placed in a more amiable light than it deſerves, and black as Richard's character was, he is placed in a more deteſtable; thus we are deceived with a ſuperficial and random hiſtory---They alſo abound with doubtful

and

and contradictory aſſertions, ſome alleging, that Henry was not ſecure of the Stanleys; that he was obliged to paſs a moraſs; that both armies entered eagerly upon the action; that Richard perſonally knew Henry; that Henry bravely attempted to cloſe with Richard and kept him at Sword's point; that Sir William Stanley brought into the field 5000 men; that Lord Oxford, who commanded Richmond's main body, confined the whole front line within the compaſs of twenty feet; that 4000 men fell in the action, but only ten of theſe were Richmond's; that Richard was a little, ugly, feeble, crooked fellow; and that finding all was loſt, he ruſhed into the heat of the battle, that he might not ſurvive the defeat; that his wretched body contained the ſoul of a devil, and his followers were ſcoundrels; all which are miſtakes.

crificed domeſtic happineſs, and married even a mother Shipton, or a witch of Endor, for a crown; and Richard equally fond, would freely have conſigned his ſoul to eternal perdition.

Driven from the court of Brittany, Henry applied to that of France, under Charles the Eighth, was received with kindneſs, and ſpent near two years ſoliciting ſuccours, for another attack upon the crown. A man of leſs ambition, and leſs penetration than he, would have given up every thought of a future attempt, and conſidered, from the ill ſucceſs of the laſt, the fates, and the elements were againſt him. However, in July 1485, he accompliſhed part of his wiſh, and obtained a ſmall *crew* of men. Phillip de Commins, who ſaw this crew, declared them the worſt he had ever beheld,

beheld, and undeſerving the name of ſoldiers. They were the ſcum of the French nation, the ſweepings of gaols, hoſpitals, and the ſtreets, and ſent to England, as we formerly ſent people to America, afterwards to the hulks, on the Thames, and now to Botany-bay. They are charged with bringing over that dreadful ſcourge, called the *ſweating ſickneſs*, which ſorely afflicted this country like the plague, for half a century.

It is not in the nature of court policy for the French heartily to aſſiſt the Engliſh. By faint aſſiſtance, diſcord is promoted and a rival kingdom weakened, ſo that all fear of oppoſition is diſpelled. While we tear each other to pieces, as in the conteſt between York, and Lancaſter, and between Charles the Firſt and his parliament, the French look

ſilently on. If we do the dreadful work ourſelves, there is no need of their help. Interference would only promote a union, as in the barons wars, in the beginning of Henry the Third. But if a competitor ariſes, as in the caſe of the Chevalier, in 1715, and in that of his ſon, in 1745, they may amuſe with promiſes, but it is their intereſt to throw in no more fuel than will keep up the flame. Religion may be the pretended motive, but the French will never quarrel with the Engliſh for being proteſtants, but being powerful; they have by ſilent ſteps, for many years, been turning proteſtants themſelves.

In all diſputes determinable by the ſword, both parties appeal to the people as the ultimate ſource of ſtrength. Charles the Firſt on one ſide, and the Houſe of Commons

mons on the other, attempted this great acquiſition, by repeated addreſſes. Stephen, being able to win the people, won the crown; and James the Second, for want of that ability, loſt it. That ingenious antiquary Sir John Fenn, who calls back departed ages, and brings the diſtance of 300 years as perfectly to view as yeſterday, gives us a curious letter from Richard to the people of England, dated at Weſtminſter, June 23, 1485, wherein he artfully perſuades them "to reſiſt Henry Tudor, "and his attainted traitors; whom he pro-"nounces murderers, adulterers, extorti-"oners, rebels to God, honour, and nature; "who obey his ancient enemy the French "king; and under Henry their baſtard lea-"der, begotten in double adultery, intend "to enter his kingdom, and, by conqueſt, "diſpoil his ſubjects of life, liberty, and goods;

" goods; to deſtroy all the honourable blood
" in the realm, and ſeize their poſſeſſions,
" therefore adviſes every man to lift up his
" hand againſt them. He tells them the French
" king lends aſſiſtance, in conſideration of
" Normandy, Anjou, Mayne, Gaſcoign,
" Guyſnes, Caſſell, Hams, Callis, and the
" marches being given up, and the arms of
" France for ever being diſſevered from thoſe
" of England; and that Henry had already
" beſtowed upon the enemies of the king-
" dom, the biſhopricks, and ſpiritual digni-
" ties, with the duchies, earldoms, baronies,
" and inheritances of knights, eſquires, and
" gentlemen; that the old Engliſh laws are
" to be aboliſhed, and thoſe of a tyrant eſta-
" bliſhed among the people. That Henry
" Tudor and his wicked followers will com-
" mit the moſt horrid murders, ſlaughters,
" and robberies, that ever were heard of in

"a chriſtian country; every true Engliſh-
"man therefore, is commanded to furniſh
"himſelf with arms, to oppoſe the rebels,
"in defence of his wife, children, and poſ-
"ſeſſions; and the king himſelf will cou-
"rageouſly expoſe his moſt royal perſon,
"to every labour and hazard, to ſubdue
"their enemies, and comfort his faithful
"ſubject; and calls forth every man to de-
"fend his king in battle."

Two powerful weapons may be em-ployed againſt an enemy, the pen, and the ſword; Richard was maſter of the two. The ſword is ſupported by courage, and ſkill; he had both. The pen conquers by truth, and ability, here he had but one, for his whole fabric being founded in falſehood, it could not be aided by truth.---Richard had evidently three points to carry in this circular

circular letter, to depreciate his antagoniſt, to perſuade his ſubjects that the invaders were more *their* enemies than *his*, and, by terrifying the people, to crowd his ſtandard.

Schemes of human invention acquire credit or diſcredit, not according as they are well or ill-laid, but according to their good or ill ſucceſs. No plan could be better formed than that of Henry and the Duke of Buckingham to join in the Weſt. None could ſucceed worſe. Of all the ill-laid ſchemes we meet with in hiſtory, none was more abſurd than that of William the Conqueror's making a deſcent upon this country, and yet he is never cenſured by our hiſtorians becauſe it proved ſucceſsful. Lord Bacon ſays "there is nothing eaſier than to "direct, blame, or applaud, when a thing "is paſt, nothing harder before it is begun."

Richard

Richard was the deepeſt politician of the age, Henry excepted. His wicked plans were well laid, and cautiouſly executed. If they ever miſcarried, it was not owing to himſelf, but to thoſe he was obliged to truſt. He is accuſed for want of prudence, in not oppoſing to the two Stanleys a body of men; as his army was nearly equal to Richmond's, and both theirs; but this is a falſe accuſation as will afterwards appear. The ſame objection is exhibited againſt him for laying up his ſhips after Henry and Buckingham miſcarried, and with ſome reaſon; for had his fleet continued to traverſe the ſeas, Richmond would have found a ſecond attempt difficult. But even this overſight admits a powerful excuſe. Richard knew he already ſtood ill with his people, that nothing ſoured them like taxes; and as a fleet could

not be ſupported without, he was unwilling to burden them. Thus neceſſity made a bad man a good king.

Sunday, July 31, 1485, we behold Henry at the head of his *crew*, conſiſting of 2000, ſet ſail from Harfleur, and on Saturday the 6th of Auguſt, arrive at Milford Haven. He marched through Wales, by Dell, Haverfordweſt, Cardigan, New-Town, and Welch Pool, to Shrewſbury.

As he deſigned for London, we may be ſurprized at firſt view, why he took this indirect road? But Henry's ſagacious head furniſhed many weighty reaſons. He was of Welch name and extraction, was deſcended from the ancient Britiſh kings, had many relations, and great intereſt there; and the farther he paſſed through that country, the more ſtrength he would gain.

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He was more likely to command a paſſage over the Severn at Shrewſbury, than either at Briſtol, Chepſtow, Glouceſter, Worceſter, Bewdley, or Bridgnorth. He might alſo, from the fate of the unfortunate Buckingham, wiſh to avoid the Severn at a broad water; beſides, as the Stanleys were northern gentlemen, they could the eaſier aſſiſt him.—The ſcheme anſwered, for he was joined by many powerful chiefs; as Richard Griffith, Arnold Butler, John Morgan, Sir Walter Herbert, Rice-ap-Thomas, &c. each with a little army.

He was at firſt denied acceſs into Shrewſbury, by the bailiff, Thomas Mitton; of the ſame family as he, who two years before, had faithfully ſerved Richard, as ſheriff for the county, in ſeizing, and executing the Duke of Buckingham. In this

gentleman, we behold the true nature, conſequence, and bounds of an oath. He had willingly ſworn fealty to Richard; but finding it inconvenient to keep his oath, cunningly deviſed a way to ſave his credit, and cheat the Almighty. I ſhall relate the anecdote in the words of an old author, quoted by Phillips. "When the Earle of "Rychmoond came to the towne of Shros-"berie the gates were ſhutt againſt hym "and the pullys let downe; ſo the Earl's "meſſengers came to the Welch gate com-"manding them to open the gates to theyre "right Kynge. But maiſter Myttoon made "anſwere, being head Bayley, and a ſtoute "royſte genletman, ſaying, that he knew "no Kynge but only Kynge Richard, "whoſe lyffetenants, he and his fellows "were, and before he ſhould enter there, "he ſhould goe over hys belly, meaning "thereby

" thereby, that he would be ſlayne to the
" grounde, and ſo to run over hym before
" he entered, and that he proteſtyd vehe-
" mently uppon the oathe he had tacken;
" and ſo the ſayd Earle returnyd with hys
" companye back againe to a vylledge cal-
" lyd Forton 3 myles and a halfe from
" Shrosberie, where he lay that night, and
" in the mornying followyng, there came
" Embaſſadores to ſpeak wyth the Baylyff,
" requeſting to paſſe quyetlye, and that
" the Erle theyre maiſter dyd not meane to
" hurte the towne, nor none theroyn, but
" to go to try hys ryght, and that he pro-
" myſed further, that he would ſave hys
" othe, and hym, and hys fellows harmlys.
" Upon thys they entered, and the ſayd
" Myttoon lay alonge the grounde wyth hys
" belly uppwards, and ſoe the ſaid Erle

" ſtepped over hym and ſaved hys othe."— The loſer is the rebel. Had Buckingham been fortunate, inſtead of ſuffering by the axe, *he* alſo might have ſtepped over Mitton's belly.

Richard having information that a ſtorm was gathering, but not knowing where it might fall, kept his court at Nottingham caſtle, the centre of the kingdom, that he might not be far from the ſcene of action. But his late ſucceſs, and his having ſecured the princeſs Elizabeth, made him deſpiſe the Earl, and conſider his attempts as madneſs. And though he ſuſpected many of his nobles; yet, ſince Buckingham's defeat, he could not find one able to give him diſturbance. Though hated, it was by men of little power.

Lord

Lord Stanley ſeemed to ſtand firſt in his ſuſpicions, but was much inferior to the Duke. He had been firm to Edward the Fourth, and afterwards to his children; had gone every length with his friend Haſtings, in favour of the protector, even to the butchery of the queen's relations, at Pontefract; but he could not conſent to Richards's mounting the throne at the expence of the young princes; therefore Richard ordered him to be diſpatched by one of the ruffians, with a battle-ax, as if without deſign, at the council board, when Haſtings fell, but he eſcaped deſtruction by ſinking under the table.—He had alſo married the Counteſs of Richmond, mother to the Earl, and when he deſired to quit the court upon private affairs, Richard obliged him to leave his eldeſt ſon the Lord Strange, as an hoſtage for his future conduct. This import-

ant pledge convinced Richard, that Stanley durſt not act againſt him were he willing.—There is nothing eaſier than for a man to reaſon himſelf into ſecurity.

But as a cautious man, among enemies, ſhould be ever on his guard, he ſent to Herbert and ap-Thomas, to oppoſe the Earl, with all their power, if he came that way. He alſo ordered his diſtant friends to be in readineſs, and ſtationed poſt horſes at every twenty miles, to facilitate intelligence.

Richard was fond of Nottingham caſtle, often reſided there, had erected a turret on the eminence, where the preſent caſtle ſtands, and called it *the caſtle of care*. While he kept his court there, he endeavoured to gain the friendſhip of the neighbouring gentry, and perſuaded ſeveral to join him;

particularly Sir Gervis Clifton, whom, at his coronation, he had created Knight of the Bath.

As the Earl marched with expedition, the firſt certain news that Richard heard was, that the Welchmen had not only ſuffered him to paſs unmoleſted, but even favoured his pretenſions, and that he was arrived without moleſtation, at Shrewſbury. Here Richard's affairs took a ſerious turn, he perceived his friends were forſaking him, that they promiſed much, and did little; his prognoſtications were unfavourable, anger and vengeance united in his face, his good humour fled and never returned.

The king ſent for the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surry, and the Earl of Northumberland

umberland, to join him, and ordered Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower, "to bring Sir Thomas Boucher, and Sir Walter Hungerford, with all the forces they could inſtantly muſter;" for as he thought Richmond would purſue his road to London, by the Wattling-Street, he reſolved to meet him and give him battle.

The uncertainty of the place where Richmond would land, and the rapidity of his progreſs, rendered it impoſſible for Richard to complete his forces. His friends were ſcattered, becauſe he knew not where to aſſemble them. None of the above commanders were with him at Nottingham. Norfolk, Surry, and Brackenbury, probably joined him at the camp, at Stableton, and Northumberland at the field. *Fenn* gives

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us a ſhort, but curious letter from the Duke to Sir John Paſton, ſheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, which, though without a date, muſt have been written, only a few days before the battle, wherein he tells the ſheriff, "that the enimy was landed, "that the king would march on Tueſday "Auguſt 16th, and that he himſelf, the "ſame night ſhould reſt at Bury (St. Ed-"munds) in his way to the army, and de-"ſires the ſheriff to meet him at Bury with "the men he had promiſed the king, and "bring beſides, as large a company of tall "men as he could procure, dreſſed in jackets "of the Duke's livery, and he would reim-"burſe his expence, when they met."

It appears from this letter, which was perhaps the laſt he wrote, that the uniform of the royal army was the jacket, and the colour

colour of each party, was the livery of their chief.

Whether Paſton joined the Duke at Bury is uncertain, but from the ſhortneſs of the time, I ſuppoſe he did not; and beſides, a year after, he was employed by Henry, to ſeize Lovell as a traitor, which ſuppoſes, Henry did not think *him* one.

Henry made no ſtay at Shrewſbury; he wiſely judged that lingering would weaken the ſpirit of enterprize, and diminiſh his army. Though poſſeſſed of no perſonal courage, he wiſhed to ſtrike, and not wait to be ſtruck.

Leaving Shrewſbury, he encamped at night on a little hill by Newport, when Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſheriff of Shropſhire, uncle,

uncle, and guardian to the Earl of Shrewſbury, a minor, joined him with 2000 men, the power of their houſe with that of his office.

He arrived at Stafford, where he and Sir William Stanley had a private interview, not ſo much on his own account, as his brother's, who durſt not appear becauſe of his ſon.

At Lichfield he paſſed the night in his camp, without the walls; and next morning was joyfully received into the town, which the Lord Stanley, two days before, had evacuated as if flying before him.

The king hearing Henry was encamped at Lichfield, would have marched on Monday Auguſt 15, but that day being the aſſumption

aſſumption of our lady, perhaps through fear of becoming unfortunate, by incurring her diſpleaſure, he deferred it till the 16th, when he marſhalled his troops in Nottingham market-place, and marched them in exact order, to Leiceſter, twenty-five miles diſtant, where he probably arrived the ſame day, chuſing rather to reſt his men after a fatiguing march, than fight them after an eaſy one; beſides, time was neceſſary to take meaſures. They chiefly conſiſted of foot, which he ſeparated into two diviſions; the firſt marched five in a rank, then followed the baggage, then himſelf, gorgeouſly dreſſed, upon a large white courſer, richly capariſoned, attended by his body guards; afterwards, the ſecond diviſion, five a breaſt, as before. The horſe alſo being divided,

formed

formed the wings, and kept near the centre.

This oſtentatious parade was to ſhew his power to the greateſt advantage, to deceive the eye, and intimidate the enemy. Richard's wire-drawn army, would cover the road, at leaſt three miles; they would be more than an hour in marching out of Nottingham, and as long in entering Leiceſter, ſo that to a common obſerver, his numbers would ſeem prodigious. His countenance all the way indicated a troubled mind, and his words declared vengeance. He entered Leiceſter in all the pomp he could aſſume, a little after ſun ſet.

In the north-gate ſtreet, yet ſtands a large handſome half-timber houſe, with one ſtory projecting over the other, formerly

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an inn, the *Blue Boar*; hence, an adjoining ſtreet derives its name, now corrupted into *Blubber-lane*. In one of the apartments Richard reſted that night. The room ſeems to have been once elegant, though now in diſuſe. He brought his own bedſtead, of wood, large and in ſome places gilt. It continued there 200 years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the poſſeſſion of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a falſe one, of the ſame materials, like a floor, and its under ceiling. Between theſe two bottoms was concealed, a quantity of gold coin, worth about 300*l.* of our preſent money, but then worth many times that ſum. Thus he perſonally watched his treaſure, and ſlept on his military cheſt. Thorſby tells us "this inn was kept in the reign of "queen Elizabeth, by one Clarke, whoſe "wife

"wife haſtily making the bed, a piece of "gold dropt out, which led to a diſcovery of "the reſt; ſome, the king's own coin. Clerk "ſuddenly grew rich with the ſpoils of "Richard, became mayor of the town, and, "at his death, left a fat and wealthy widow! "Her ſervant maid in 1613, conſpiring with "her ſweetheart, robbed and murdered the "miſtreſs, for which they were both "brought to juſtice, and executed." So that Richard's property proved as unfortunate as himſelf. This room ſeems to have been the laſt he ever entered, and the bed, the laſt in which he ſlept.

On the 17th he marched out of Leiceſter, with the ſame parade he had marched in, expecting to meet his rival at Hinckley. He arrived that night at Elmſthorp, eleven miles. As accommodations could not be

found in a village, his officers ſlept in the church, the uſual place for ſleeping.

Finding he was too early for Henry, he altered his route; and turning towards the right, marched on the 18th to Stableton, ſix miles, pitched his camp on ſome grounds called *the Bradſhaws*, and, as a ſecurity, caſt up a breaſt-work, 300 yards long, and about 50 behind his camp; which with other operations of great labour, prove his ſtay could not have been leſs than three days. The camp conſiſted of two lines. The ſituation is admirable; not on a hill, but an eminence, fit for obſervation or conteſt; a mile and a half eaſt of Boſworth-Field, and two from the top of Amyon-hill, the ſcene of action. No enemy could approach unſeen.

Henry having reſted one day at Lichfield,

field, departed towards Tamworth, about six miles.

Hungerford and Boucher, two knights, who were ordered to attend Richard, deserted Brakenbury their leader, a little beyond Stoney-Stratford; and taking their route through Daventry, Coventry, Birmingham, and Sutton, joined Richmond's army, in the midway between Lichfield and Tamworth; as did also the next day, Aug. 19, Sir John Savage, Sir Bryan Sandford, Sir Simon Digby, &c.

Savage brought with him a body of troops in white coats and hoods, which is the only uniform mentioned on the side of Richmond. These men, three days after, composed part of Richmond's left, which was commanded by Savage.

There are two ways by which an hiſtorian deceives his reader; one is by relating falſe facts; which, if ignorantly done, is a fault, but if with deſign, a greater; the other is by miſrepreſenting true ones. Words are the vehicle by which ideas are conveyed. Every thought ſhould impreſs the reader, exactly in the ſame manner it did the writer, if it does not, it is imperfectly conveyed. We are given to underſtand that "Henry immerſed in thought, while "marching between Lichfield and Tam-"worth, lingered behind his people, and it "became ſo dark, he could not diſcover their "footſteps, nor hear the ſound of the multi-"tude; but wandered backwards and for-"wards, and durſt not enquire his way, for "fear of Richard's ſcouting parties; and "that he afterwards found a little village "three miles from Tamworth, where he

"abode

"abode the whole night without daring to "ask a queſtion." Here we are taught to believe, that Henry *accompanied* his army, which began its march at the verge of night; for it is not more than two hours walk between the two places, even at Henry's muſing pace. But the truth is, he did not depart from Lichfield with his people, nor till the evening. They were arrived at Tamworth long before he ſet off. What detained him, we are not told, but we may eaſily believe it was ſomething relating to his intereſt. Nor were there any ſcouting parties employed by either. This was known to both. Each had their ſpies, and were well apprized of each other's movements. Henry knew he was doubly ſecure, for his own army was between Richard and himſelf, and the two Stanleys between both; if there was danger, it muſt ariſe from the inhabitants of the village being friends to

Richard; but this idea vaniſhes when we conſider that his body guards, which were twenty light horſe, could eaſily overpower a village. Entering Wittington common, two miles from Lichfield, the road branches into two parts; here a ſtranger, better verſed in the country than Henry, and leſs muſing, might eaſily be loſt. This muſt have been the erring ſpot, becauſe there is hardly another in this little journey that would admit of a miſtake, and the village at which he ſlept, if he did ſleep, muſt have been Wittington, about a mile diſtant, and half one to the left of the road he ought to have purſued; becauſe no other can come within the deſcription.

If Henry was deep in thought leſt Lord Stanley, preſſed by the intereſt of his ſon, durſt not join him to augment his army, what muſt have been his thoughts at Wittington, when that army itſelf was in dan-

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ger of a diſſolution! Stanley's junction, which had engroſſed his thoughts, was an object of great importance, but this was now loſt in a greater. That was now become a ſmall ſtake, but this was his all. Henry was the ſoul of the army, which, if taken away, the body muſt crumble. There was a chance even without Stanley, but none without himſelf. Conſternation ſeized the officers for the abſence of their leader; they endeavoured to conceal their amazement for fear of fatal conſequences, but were not able. Henry, ſenſible of the error committed, and its tendency, did all in his power to repair it, by finding his way to Tamworth, as early as twilight would allow.

No man living knew better than he how to turn untoward events to his advantage.

He told his people, "he had ſtept out of "the road with *deſign* to converſe with ſome "gentlemen in his intereſt." Thus one little falſhood ſtrengthened that ſyſtem which was upon the point of diſſolving.

Though he *followed* his army to Tamworth, he *left* it before them; for he ſet out in a few hours to Atherſtone, nine miles, attended as before, by his private guards; which is a farther proof there was no fear of ſcouting parties.

If he arrived at the end of his journey by day light, which, from the ſhortneſs of the way, and from the laſt night's diſappointment, we may eaſily conclude, he might have a view of the important field of blood, and Richard on the right, forming his camp; the diſtance is eight or nine miles, the

the intermediate country is flat, Amyon-hill, approached from Atherſtone, has the appearance of a mountain, and the Brad-ſhaws were not obſtructed from the ſight, by the growth of timber.

His early arrival at Atherſtone ſeems to have been a pre-concerted plan between him and the Stanleys, who all three met at night, Aug. 20, ſecretly in a little cloſe. Though they were firmly united in one cauſe, it was from different motives. Lord Stanley hated Richard for the cruel attack he had made, two years before, upon his life, for the murder of his friend Haſtings, and the young Princes; but durſt not eſpouſe Henry's cauſe for the danger of his ſon. The perſuaſions of a wife he loved, and his own ſentiments, combated the tender feelings of a father. Impelled by love and

inclination

inclination, prevented by parental affection, if he did not ſerve Richmond he could not reſt ſatisfied, if he did, he would loſe his ſon. The huſband, the friend, and the father, the moſt ſacred ties we know, oppoſed each other even to deſtruction. Henry, dazzled with ambition, viewed matters in a different light; he felt for no man; a crown was the prize, and high calling, for which he preſſed forward, and if he could attain it, no matter by what means. Neither the diſtreſs of the father, nor the danger of the ſon, could affect him. Sir William, a man of great honour, deſpiſed Richard's actions, and had a friendſhip for Henry; to which we may add, a ſmall ſhare of ambition. What paſſed at this triumvirate council of war, never appeared to the light, but it is plain from ſucceeding events, it was reſolved, "That the Stanleys ſhould

" ſeem to avoid him, as if friends to Rich-
" ard. That Richmond ſhould march di-
" rectly to the field. That Lord Stanley
" ſhould keep at a diſtance on the right, and
" Sir William on the left. That when
" the two armies of Richard and Henry
" were drawn up face to face; Lord Stanley
" ſhould form, and cover the opening be-
" tween Richard's left and Richmond's
" right, and Sir William do the ſame on the
" oppoſite ſide, but join neither; ſo that
" when the four armies were marſhalled
" they would form a hollow ſquare. That
" while the king and the earl were engag-
" ed, the two brothers ſhould ſtand neuter.
" That if the Earl could overcome the
" King," which was probable, for they knew Northumberland, who commanded a large body for Richard, would decline fighting, " they ſhould not interfere; but if Richard

" proved

"proved too powerful, they ſhould run all "hazards and aſſiſt Henry." This politic meaſure was to ſerve as a future ſubterfuge; for though Richard might be vanquiſhed, he might recover his former power; and they be ſubjected to puniſhment. They never thought of an event ſo unuſual as a king falling in battle.

It is ſcarcely in the power of wiſdom to form a more complete ſcheme, or in that of fortune to make one more proſperous. They did the king more miſchief, by ſuſpence, and by deſtroying his plans, than if they had openly joined Henry.

After theſe reſolutions, which carried the deſtruction of Richard, the two brothers departed, each to his corps; for Richmond's forces had already entered Atherſtone, and

were

were encamped in the meadow, north of the church, from thence denominated *the Royal Meadow.* Henry's head quarters was the Three Tuns, which is the ſame houſe and the ſame Three Tuns at this day. It was then undoubtedly the beſt Inn in Atherſtone; this will give the curious obſerver an idea of a *Royal Inn,* in the time of Richard the Third, and the gradual progreſs of improvement, to the reign of George the Third. When he ſurveys this inn, he will think with me, that Henry ſlept one night, at leaſt, in the black hole. I have made particular enquiries after the little cloſe, where the whole ſyſtem of Britiſh politics underwent a change, and where the fate of nations was determined; but although this dark, and deciſive council-room has undergone no remove, tradition has loſt it. By an accident

cident, however, it afterwards appeared to be the *Hall-Close*, something less than two acres, one hundred yards behind the Three Tuns, joining the Colehill road on the left, through which the canal now passes.

The forces of the two brothers had that day marched towards the field. Lord Stanley seemed to fly to Richard for protection, and took his march through Lindley, Higham, and Stoke, to an eminence one mile beyond, called *Gamble's-Close*; upon the ridge of which, the vestiges of his camp are yet visible. This well chosen spot is about six furlongs behind Richard's, and rather on his left. A small rivulet dignified with the name of *Tweed*, glides through the valley between the two camps, which supplied both with water. I was surprized

to

to find the breaſt-work behind that of the king, where there appeared no danger, and none in the front, where he might be expoſed to Henry. This fortification, therefore, muſt have been conſtructed for a guard againſt Lord Stanley; which proves Richard's ſtrong ſuſpicions of that nobleman.

Sir William took his route through Shanton, approached the field on the weſt, or oppoſite ſide to the king and Lord Stanley, and pitched his camp at the foot of Amyon-hill, half a mile from the ſummit; the traces are yet to be ſeen, part in the wood, and part in Hewett's ground. The cunning brothers, while ſtrictly faithful to Henry, ſeemed cloſely to attend Richard; and Lord Stanley, who had moſt to loſe, attended the cloſeſt. Thus were the four commanders ſituated on the night of the 20th, Richard encamped

encamped two miles eaſt of Amyon-hill, Lord Stanley three quarters of a mile towards his rear, Sir William, at the foot of the hill, on the oppoſite ſide, and Henry at Atherſtone.

The armies were now too near each other to avoid a battle, *neither* could retreat without the utmoſt hazard. Henry had very little doubt of Richard's fighting; becauſe his courage had been often tried; he had much at ſtake, and a ſuperior force. But Richard had ſome doubt of Henry; becauſe he was wholly inexperienced, bore no character as a ſoldier, and his power was defective. If he ſhould attempt to continue his route for London, Richard could inſtantly march his troops towards Hinckley, and attack him on the road. But circumvention had no ſhare in this conteſt,

teſt, each ſeemed to *ſeek* the other to fight him.

Burton tells us, that his great great grand father, John Hardwick, of Lindley, near Boſworth, a man of very ſhort ſtature, but active, and courageous, tendered his ſervice to Henry, with ſome troops of horſe, the night he lay at Atherſtone, became his guide to the field, adviſed him in the attack, and how to profit by the ſun and the wind. I have converſed with ſeveral of his deſcendants, who ſeemed to hint, that by John's contrivance, Henry won the battle; but as Henry conferred honours upon many of his aſſiſtants, why then was John neglected?

Both armies, the next day, Aug. 21, were fully employed. Richard drew up his men in battalia, with as much oſtentation,

and as broad a front, as his numbers would allow; to anſwer the ſame end as their pompous approach to Leiceſter. While Henry marched from Atherſtone, over Wetherly-bridge, almoſt to the two mile ſtone; then turned to the left, along Fen-lane, croſſed the little rivulet of Tweed, which divides Boſworth-Field from the meadows, and encamped in the firſt cloſe on the left, in the *White-moors*, one mile from the top of Amyon-hill, and half one behind Sir William's camp.

An army could ſcarcely proceed with greater ſecrecy, or expedition, than Henry's had done. From his landing at Milford-Haven, he had marched through Wales to Shrewſbury, and from thence to Boſworth-Field, in fifteen days. Though no warrior, he knew that delays were dangerous, that marching

marching kept up the *ſpirit* of a people, though it fatigued the body. He remembered the fate of Buckingham.

Whether the ſuperior talents of Henry, or thoſe of John Hardwick, fixed upon this ſpot for the camp, is uncertain, but nothing could be better choſen. His left, and rear, were ſecured by the brook, the right, by a ſwamp, and Sir William became a guard to his front.

The two armies muſt have been in view of each other all the day. Here they both reſted for that night, a little more than two miles aſunder. What midnight horrors rent the ſoul of Richard, or what angelic viſions appeared to comfort Henry, I leave to the poetic talents of a Lan-

caſtrian, and ſhall only obſerve, that neither of them could court repoſe on the eve of ſo momentous a day.

Boſworth Field, everlaſtingly famous, derives its hiſtorical name from Boſworth, a ſhabby market town on the weſtern borders of Leiceſterſhire, one mile diſtant. Its real name is *Redmoor Plain*, from the colour of the ſoil; as the meadows on the weſt are called *White-moors* for the ſame reaſon. It belongs to Sutton-Cheney, an adjacent village on the eaſt. It is rather of an oval form, about two miles long, and one broad, and is nearly in a line between Boſworth and Atherſtone. The ſuperficial contents may be fifteen hundred acres, incloſed in a ring fence. Part is waſte land, part in graſs, and part in tillage. The whole

whole field is uneven. The ſouth end, where Henry approached, is three miles from Boſworth, now a wood of four or five hundred acres, and is bounded by the above rivulet. About thirty yards above the wood is a ſpring called at this day *King Richard's well.* A ſmall diſcharge of water flows from the well, directly down the hill, through the wood, into the rivulet, but having no channel cut for its paſſage, it penetrates through the ſoil, and forms that moraſs, which Henry is ſaid to have left on his right. Amyon-hill is nearly in the center of the field, and is by much the higheſt ground; the ſummit is two or three hundred yards beyond the well. The hill has a ſteep deſcent on every ſide, but is ſteepeſt towards the north, or the Boſworth ſide, and terminates with a rill, a bog, and a flat, called *Amyon lays.* The field extends

a mile farther towards Boſworth, but that part was not the ſcene of action.

Not one human being reſides upon this deſolate field, or near it; as if *that* place was ſtudiouſly avoided which had been the ſcene of blood. The remains of two wretched mud-walled tenements are upon the very places once covered by the troops, Hewit's and another; but the families are fled, and the buildings in ruin.

To have a clear view of this battle, it will be neceſſary to expunge from our idea the preſent appearance of the country, and view it as in 1485. For this purpoſe we muſt conſider all the adjacent lordſhips unincloſed; and the whole ſcene as an open country. We are told by ſome authors that the two armies approached Boſworth

worth Field with *deſign*, "as a place meet "for two to engage;" but they forget that moſt places were as meet. Thoſe where Richard and Stanley were encamped, were better. Their march to the field was not impeded. The ground over which Richard's broken forces retreated to Crown-hill, now full of fences, was then wholly without. Richmond's approach to the field was through an open country, but is now an incloſed lane ſix miles long. Boſworth Field, which was one piece of uncultivated land, without hedge or timber, is now ſo altered with both, that nothing remains of its former appearance but the ſhape of the ground. Henry's camp runs in a ſtraight line, about 300 yards from the brook he had croſſed, towards Amyon-hill, ſometimes within the wood, and ſometimes on the White-moors, according to the zig zag

of the fence; which proves, that neither the wood nor the hedge were then in being. This hedge now divides the manors of Sutton and Shanton, but if hedges did not then divide the manors, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe they did not divide the interior parts. Stoke was the firſt lordſhip incloſed, in about 1584, Shanton in 1646, and Sutton is yet open.

All the authors that ever wrote on this battle, three excepted, are partial to Henry; and partiality, at beſt, diſguiſes truth. They give him every advantage of perſon, intellectual powers, valour, and the aſſiſtance of providence, when in reality he was not entitled to one half. Some tell us his face ſhone like an angel's, others, that he ſucceeded from the pious prayers of his mother; others will not allow his army to

conſiſt

conſiſt of 5000 men, and ſome are inclined to make him beat Richard almoſt without an army. The tide of ſentiment ran only one way, and that in favour of the houſe of Lancaſter. But were I allowed to treat royalty with plainneſs, Richard was an accompliſhed raſcal, and Henry not one jot better. Which had the greateſt right to the crown, is no part of the argument; neither of them had any. Perhaps their chief difference of character conſiſted in Richard's murdering two men for Henry's one; but as a ſmall counter-balance, Richard had ſome excellencies, to which the other was a ſtranger. Though we are left in the dark with regard to Richmond's army, yet, if we conſider the numbers that joined him in his march through Wales, under their powerful leaders, Griffith, Morgan, Herbert, ap-Thomas, Blount; and in England,

land, with Hungerford, Boucher, Byron, Savage, Sandford, Digby, Hardwick, and many others; alſo the 2000 French, and the 2000 brought by Talbot at Newport, his numbers could not have been ſo few as repreſented by the Lancaſtrian writers. The ſame prejudice which diminiſhed Henry's numbers augmented Richard's. If we attentively ſurvey the camps of the four Generals at Boſworth Field, the night preceeding the battle, it may throw ſome light on this dark ſubject, which has been the conteſt of ages. Though the camps cannot declare the numbers of each, they ſeem to declare what proportion they bore to each other. Richard's is by far the moſt extenſive, and with the breaſt work, covers about eighteen acres. Modern cultivation is a dreadful enemy to antiquity. The huſbandman has with great labour, deſtroyed the

the extent and uniformity of theſe camps; I could not help ſmiling while I converſed with the farmer who reſides upon the verge of Richard's, when he repeatedly curſed him for ſpoiling his land; and I aſked him whether the ſhade of Richard might not with equal propriety curſe him for ſpoiling his camp? Richmond's is the moſt obliterated; but according to the beſt obſervation I could make, it covers ſix or ſeven acres. Lord Stanley's proceeds along the ſummit of an eminence, in two lines, is perhaps four acres; and Sir William's, more compact, and more circular, covers about three, hence we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, the King brought into the field 12,000 men, Richmond more than ſeven, Lord Stanley five, and Sir William three.

We are now entering upon one of the moſt

moſt important days in the Britiſh annals, Monday the 22d of Auguſt, 1485, which anſwers to our preſent September 2, a day which terminated the conteſt between the roſes. A ſtream of Engliſh blood had continued to flow for thirty years, occaſioned by the ſword, and the axe. The royal family, though numerous, was nearly extinct, the nobility almoſt deſtroyed, and the nation itſelf, thinned of inhabitants. There had already been many battles, and ſome of them very deſtructive, but this was the only one deciſive. Though the united ſtrength of all the parties brought into Boſworth Field, did not exceed 28,000 men, yet there had not been a battle ſince that of Haſtings, 419 years before, of ſuch importance; and, as the importance of Haſtings conſiſted in the fall of Harold, ſo did that of Boſworth in the fall of Richard.

Both

Both the ſovereigns were uſurpers, and both were conquered, and ſucceeded by thoſe who had no more right than themſelves. The death of Harold was owing to a random ſhot, that of Richard to a daring ſpirit, but the reſult of both was the ſame, the loſs of a kingdom. The crown was now to be diſputed, with the utmoſt acrimony, by two of the ableſt politicians that ever wore one; they were both wiſe, and both crafty; equally ambitious, and equally ſtrangers to probity. Richard was better verſed in arms, Henry was better ſerved. Richard was brave, Henry a coward. Richard was about five feet four, rather runted, but only made crooked by his enemies; and wanted ſix weeks of thirty-three. Henry was twenty-ſeven, ſlender, and near five feet nine, with a ſaturnine countenance, yellow hair, and grey eyes.

Richard was a man of the deepeſt penetration! perfectly adapted to form, and execute a plan; for he generally carried what another durſt not attempt, and yet in him, we have a ſtriking inſtance of the ſhortneſs of human foreſight. He little thought, when he was clearing his way to the throne, by murder, he was murdering for Henry! that he was clearing the way for a man, whom, of all men, he moſt deteſted; that by cutting off one obſtacle, he only opened a proſpect for another, and by deſtroying thoſe who guarded the crown for the Plantagenet family, he paved a road for the Tudor.

Sir Simon Digby, having penetrated into Richard's camp, in the character of a night ſpy, at the utmoſt hazard of his life, returned; and informed Henry, at day-break, that the

the king was preparing for battle. Richmond's trumpets ſounded to arms. From this time till the engagement commenced, was about ſix hours, from four till ten in the morning.

The firſt perſons who attended the king, were Lovell, the Lord Chamberlain; Cateſby, the Attorney-General; and Sir Richard Ratcliffe, all privy councellors, to whom he uttered the ill-bodings of his heart. Iſſuing from his tent, by twilight, he obſerved a centinel aſleep, and is ſaid to have ſtabbed him, with this remark, "I found "him aſleep, and have left him as I found "him." Perhaps this was the only perſon Richard ever put to death, who deſerved it.

He left his tents ſtanding, and commanded the troops to rendezvous in Sutton field,

field, about the midway to Amyon-hill. Here he drew up in order of battle; his right extended towards the north end of the field, where he made his oration, from which the place acquired, and ſtill bears the name of *Dicken's-nook*.

Though hiſtory and tradition are ſilent, with regard to Lord Stanley's movements, yet there is not a doubt but he marched, and halted with Richard, as if ſolely attached to his cauſe, ſtill keeping a little to the rear of his left, for it was evidently his deſign to amuſe his maſter till the laſt moment.

Richmond ſent an expreſs to Lord Stanley, requeſting his aſſiſtance in forming his men, for he earneſtly wiſhed to have Stanley with him for fear of a diſappointment; but

but he returned for anſwer, "that the Earl "muſt form them himſelf, he would come "at a convenient ſeaſon." He afterwards, however, left his own corps to the care of an officer, and privately aſſiſted for a ſhort time.

Henry, though inferior to Richard in numbers, had more horſe. Both armies were drawn up exactly alike, each in two lines; the bow-men in the front, the bill-men in the rear, and the horſe formed the wings. The principal officers were in armour, that is, each wore a coat of mail, and a helmet. Every man carried a ſword, to which were added, for the cavalry, a ſpear, and for the infantry, ſome a bow, ſome a bill, and ſome a battle-ax. I am inclined to think Richard had artillery, though this is not mentioned by any au-

thor; becauſe it was uſed in the royal army long before that period; and old *Hewit*, who reſided fourſcore years upon the ſpot, where the battle was fought, aſſured me he had found three or four cannon balls, of a ſmalliſh ſize, in his garden, and pointed to the places; I have alſo other authority. Richard was dreſſed in the ſame ſuit of armour, of poliſhed ſteel, in which, fourteen years before, he won the battle of Tewkeſbury. We are told he had his crown upon his head. He had. But this is an unfair repreſentation; for we ſhould ſuppoſe he wore his crown, as a man wears his his hat; whereas, he wore the helmet belonging to the ſuit, and upon this the crown was fixed, by way of creſt; the practice of knighthood.

Richard's front line was commanded by John

John Howard Duke of Norfolk, a faithful veteran, aſſiſted by his ſon Thomas Earl of Surry, the ſecond by the King himſelf. In the right of this line, Henry Earl of Northumberland led a conſiderable body.

Richmond's front, for want of numbers, was ſpread very thin, to ſhew to the greater advantage; and was commanded by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a firm adherent to the houſe of Lancaſter, whoſe father and brother, twenty-four years before, died upon one ſcaffold, for the ſame cauſe. This able commander knew well how to marſhall Henry's men, and as well how to fight them. From him are deſcended the houſes of St. Alban's and Townſhend. Over the right wing was appointed Sir Gilbert Talbot, who joined Henry at Newport, with the Shrewſbury intereſt; a man

of experience and valour, anceſtor to the Earls of Shrewſbury and Talbot. Sir John Savage commanded the left, and proved himſelf worthy of the command. Henry directed the ſecond line, or rather his uncle the Earl of Pembroke, a perſon of wiſdom and prudence. An officer of reputation of the name of Barnard, ſaid to have been deſcended from the royal line of Scotland, commanded the French. Henry knew nothing, from experience, of the art of war, neither had he the leaſt reliſh for it, or wiſh to attain it.

The two chiefs rode through the ranks, and are ſaid to have addreſſed their followers in an oratorial harrangue, wherein they plentifully abuſed each other. But theſe ſpeeches, like thoſe of the Houſe of Commons, perhaps meet the eye rather mended.

We can hardly ſuppoſe each could extend his eloquence to a hundred and fifty lines in folio.

" Richard aſſured his well beloved fol-
" lowers, that he owed the crown to their
" wiſdom, that he had been guided by their
" council, and had approved himſelf a juſt
" king. That this day would try their af-
" fections, that he hoped they would keep
" by their valour, what they had gained by
" their prudence; that if they wiſhed to
" live together like brethren, they muſt
" fight like lions. That the devil had en-
" tered into the heart of an unknown
" Welchman, who, aided by a company
" of beggarly thieves, attempted to rob him
" of his royal dignity; that Richmond was
" a Welch milkſop, without courage, or
" experience in martial deeds, totally un-

" fit to command an army; that they had " nothing to fear from traitors and runa- " gates. That when they ſhould ſee his " banner diſplayed, they would dread the " divine vengeance for acting againſt their " ſovereign, and ſubmit to mercy. That " the French were braggers and cowards, " had often been vanquiſhed by his anceſ- " tors, the Plantagenets, and were more " apt to run than to fight; and that he him- " ſelf would that day triumph either in " victory or death."

This ſpeech, as is often the caſe with ſpeeches, contains ſome truths, but more falſehoods; it varies much from that delivered by the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Culloden, who remarked, " If " any man is unwilling to engage, either " from ſentiment or fear, he ſhall have free

" liberty

"liberty to depart." But had Richard made this declaration, two thirds of his army would have inſtantly vaniſhed.

The oration was followed by a feeble huzza, after which, the army marched in battalia, to Amyon-hill, where they arrived before Henry. Here then muſt terminate the laſt ſtage of a ſhort and turbulent life. Here the exertion of all his powers, in purſuit of glory, muſt end, in ignominiouſly falling in one of the moſt dreary ſpots in his whole dominions. He muſt loſe that crown for which he had ardently ſtruggled, had baſely obtained, and held dearer than himſelf. Diſrobed of royal ermine, he muſt be degraded beneath a man, hacked to pieces with the ſwords of Plebeans, die execrating thoſe he was unable to kill; be exhibited naked to every eye but that of a

friend, covered with filth, drenched in the blood of thoſe, who had fallen by his ſword, lie undiſtinguiſhed among rabble, and leave a character which no man would envy. This deplorable end of greatneſs but ill correſponds with the *Lord's anointed*.

The King's right extended to the declivity of the hill, on the Boſworth ſide, called Cornhill-fruze, or Amyon-lays, and his left towards King Richard's well.

Henry in armour, with his helmet in his hand, rode among the cavalry, and afterwards mounted a little hill, where he addreſſed the infantry. He obſerved, "that "if ever the Almighty aſſiſted the inno- "cent, or made virtue triumphant over "villainy, they were certain of victory. "That nothing could be more laudable

"than

"than to fight againſt a murderer, a de-
"ſtroyer of his own blood, an expunger of
"nobility, a firebrand which conſumed the
"country. That Richard and his guilty
"followers, had wrongfully diſinherited
"him of his lawful right, and unjuſtly
"aſſumed the title of king. He added,
"they occupy your eſtates, cut down your
"timber, and turn out your families to
"ſtarve. I doubt not but God will deliver
"them into our hands, or prick their con-
"ſciences, and cauſe them to fly. Many
"follow the tyrant through fear, and only
"wait an opportunity to join us, and ſhew
"they are our friends. Should we be
"conquered what mercy can we expect
"from a man who ſhewed none to his
"friends, his brother, his nephews, and his
"wife? We cannot retreat without deſtruc-
"tion. What though our numbers be

"few;

" few; the greater will be our praiſe if we " vanquiſh, and if we fall, the more glorious " our death."

Here we behold two Princes, in diſputing for a crown deſcend below the gentleman, and vilify each other in the language of two Porters diſputing for a truſs. Though perhaps, this oration was not much truer than the other, yet Henry, brought up in private life, had much the advantage of Richard, for as he had not formed a character, he could loſe none; but Richard, long upon the ſtage of action, had parted with his, never to recover it.

While Lord Stanley was forming, the King ſent Sir Robert Brakenbury with this ſingular, but dreadful meſſage. " My Lord, the " King ſalutes you, and commands your

"immediate attendance, with your bands, "or by ——— your ſon ſhall inſtantly "die." About the ſame time Sir Reginald Bray arrived from Henry, preſſing Lord Stanley to join him. He replied to Brakenbury, "If the King ſtains his honour "with the blood of my ſon, I have more; "but why ſhould he ſuffer, I have not lifted "a hand againſt him; I will come at a "convenient time."

Lord Stanley ſeems to have given up his ſon for loſt; but willing, in the laſt moments, to exert every effort in his favour, took Bray aſide, and ordered him to poſt back to Richmond, about a mile diſtant, and preſs him to advance with all ſpeed, againſt the royal army. This active meaſure was intended to employ Richard otherwiſe than in executions.

Brakenbury

Brakenbury having delivered Stanley's anſwer, Richard exclaimed in anger, "This is a falſe pretence. He is a traitor, "and young Strange ſhall die," and ordered Cateſby to ſee it inſtantly done.

While the executioner was preparing the axe, and the block; and the youth, in the near proſpect of his awful fate, was taken out of the hands of the tent-keeper, as a victim for execution; Lord Ferrers of Chartley, a man of great honor, and humanity, touched with compaſſion, ventured to remonſtrate to the King, "That whatever "were the father's crimes, the ſon was in-"nocent, and it would be cruel to puniſh "the innocent for the guilty; that it might "bring diſgrace upon their arms, if any "blood was ſhed that day, except by the "ſword; that envious tongues had already

"been

" been too free with his princely character,
" but this would give them greater ſcope;
" that there could be no evil in one day's
" delay, and then puniſhment might be
" inflicted where puniſhment was due.
" That Stanley had not yet declared againſt
" them, but this raſh execution would
" oblige him. That from a family con-
" nexion he might not chooſe openly to
" eſpouſe the King's cauſe, but wait ſome
" critical moment, or perhaps wait to de-
" clare for the victor; that it was better to
" keep the matter doubtful than force him
" to become their enemy; and, ſhould the
" rebels be victorious, they would doubly
" retaliate the death of Strange. It can
" do your cauſe no ſervice, continued he,
" to take his life, but may an injury."—
Richard, convinced by Ferrers's reaſons,
ordered the execution to be delayed, and

perhaps

perhaps this was the firſt order of blood he ever revoked.

The King continued in battalia near the top of the hill, unwilling to loſe his advantageous ground, while Henry unfurled his banners, ſounded the march of death, and advanced from the meadows below.

We are told by our hiſtorians, of "a great marſh, that Henry was obliged to paſs, though now drained by cultivation." This is another miſtake; there neither is, nor ever was one, or any obſtruction, but the rivulet mentioned before, which a man might eaſily jump over; or perhaps when Henry paſſed it, he might walk over dry-ſhod; for at that ſeaſon of the year, the land ſprings are low, and we have reaſon to conclude from three little incidents, that

the

the weather was fair, which would keep them lower. When Richard entered Leiceſter, five days before, it was after ſun-ſet, which ſuppoſes that the ſun was *ſeen* to ſet. In the morning of the battle, it was ſaid to ſhine on Henry's back, and in the King's face; and when Richard's body was afterwards found among the ſlain, it was covered with *duſt*. All which indicate a fair ſeaſon: hence we may reaſonably conclude, the current was ſuſpended.

Richard was ſo accompliſhed a general, that we can hardly ſuppoſe him guilty of an overſight; otherwiſe he ſeems to have miſſed a fair opportunity in not waiting for Henry at Wetherly-bridge, alſo when he perceived him approach the rivulet, the evening before, he might have advanced and engaged him to great advantage. A good general,

general, if he can avoid it, will not be attacked. Oliver always ſtruck the firſt blow. To wait damps the courage of the people. Though the current ceaſed to flow, yet the water covering the hollows of the bed; the banks, in ſome places being two or three feet high; the channel forming a curve, and Henry's army a ſtraight line, their ranks for a moment would have been broken; when, having an army within bow-ſhot of their front, no wonder if confuſion had enſued. Theſe thoughts could not eſcape Richard; but he might conſider, his ſituation would be excellent; that Henry muſt begin the attack at a great diſadvantage, for the Hill was againſt him. He wiſhed Henry to fight, and if he obſtructed his paſſage, he might decline the action, or might attempt another paſſage, and cauſe the King to loſe his advantageous ground.

Richard's

Richard's was too excellent a ſituation to be riſked even for a better.

Richmond having paſſed theſe difficulties unmoleſted, ſlowly marched up the aſcent, where the wood now ſtands, the moraſs formed by King Richard's well, being on his right, and the ſun, not on his back, or his right hand, but between both; the King's troops looking on with their bows bent.

As Henry marched forwards he ſeemed to drive Sir William before him, for in half an hour he would paſs over the camp he had quitted. Sir William advanced to the north of the hill, and took his ſtation near Amyon-lays.—Here, I apprehend the King's artillery played upon the enemy; the balls found in Hewit's garden, cor-

roborates the remark. But I could never learn that any execution enſued; perhaps this kind of warlike implement, not being well underſtood, made no great figure in military practice.

The two armies drawing near each other, Richard's moved a few paces, and both began the bloody ſcene with a diſcharge of arrows. The fear of not being ſoon enough is apt to cauſe us to be too ſoon. Perhaps from too great a diſtance not much execution was done; but both continuing to advance, inſtantly came to a cloſe engagement, ſword in hand, and the bow was not much uſed after. Confuſion, tumult, and death was the reſult. Richmond's people fought with ſome ſpirit, knowing they muſt conquer or die. Their all was at ſtake; they expected no quarter, for in

all

all the battles betweeen the two roſes, the axe and the haltar finiſhed what the ſword began. Richard's people fought like men, not hearty in the cauſe. He was no favourite; they were preſſed into his ſervice; Henry's were volunteers. If Richard won the battle, his men could not be gainers, nor much looſers if he loſt it; they were indifferent, and indifference is ſeldom crowned with ſucceſs; ſome were determined not to fight.

During the dreadful conflict, the Earl of Oxford obſerving his line rather ſcattered, becauſe ſpread for ſhew, ordered that every man ſhould keep near the ſtandard. This cauſing his men to unite, aſtoniſhed the King's forces, who deſiſted from fighting, in dread of ſome maſter-ſtroke of generalſhip; but recovering from their fears, they

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renewed the battle, to which Oxford obliged them by beginning firſt.

Oxford, by cloſing his men, had ſhortened his line, which Norfolk perceiving, extended his left with intent to ſurround him; at that moment Lord Stanley, from flanking both, now joined the right of Richmond, and faced Richard's left, which prevented deſtruction, and proved a ſecond aſtoniſhment to the royaliſts. If we detach *deſign* from *action*, Oxford ſeems to have taken an imprudent ſtep in cloſing his ranks, becauſe the King would out-flank him. But he was apprized, no doubt, of the determinations in the little cloſe at Atherſtone, and narrowed his front with a view to make way for Stanley.

Norfolk and Oxford, leading the vans, naturally

naturally approached each other, and though ſheltered under their helmets, Norfolk knew Oxford by the device on his enſign, a ſtar with rays, and he knew Norfolk by his ſilver lion. Here we behold the dire effects of party rage. A man becomes rancorous even againſt his relations, and ſheds that blood which is allied to his own. Theſe brave commanders had lived in friendſhip, and were of one family, Oxford's mother being a Howard, and firſt couſin to the Duke. They perſonally attacked each other with their ſpears, till they were ſhivered to pieces, then each drew his ſword. Norfolk gave the firſt blow at Oxford's head, which, ſliding down his helmet, glanced on the ſhoulder, and wounded him in the left arm. Oxford, enraged, returned the blow, and hewed the beaver from Norfolk's helmet, leaving the

face bare. Oxford, disdaining to fight a man unguarded, declined the combat, and retreated a few paces, when instantly, an arrow from a distant, and unknown hand, hit the Duke in the face, and pierced the brain—— Thus fell John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, one of the fairest characters of the age, notwithstanding his adherence to Richard. He was descended from the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, and by a daughter of Brotherton, from the Royal line. He was early bred to arms, and had, while Sir John Howard, faithfully served Edward the Fourth, in the Lancastrian quarrel, who raised him to peerage by the the title of Lord Howard; and Richard the Third, in the first of his reign, conferred on him the Dukedom of Norfolk, and on his son the Earldom of Surry, both which his descendants enjoy. He

was

was warned by a bundle of papers left at his gate not to join Richard, and again, by a courſe rhyme upon his tent door, the night preceding the battle

" Jack of Norfolk be not too bold,
" For Dicken thy maſter is bought and ſold;"

but he had taken an oath to Richard, and he could not recede. He revered the *King*, but lamented the errors of the *man*.—Oxford, though an enemy, felt for his fall, and declared, " A better knight could not " die, though he might in a better cauſe."

Surry had already acted the hero, but his father's death inſpired him with ſuch revenge, that he laid ſeveral at his feet; he followed his blow as if determined his ſingle ſword ſhould win the field; when approaching Talbot, they furiouſly engaged. Talbot was provoked that a veteran, like

himſelf, could not overcome a ſtripling almoſt in his firſt appearance in arms. Some of his followers ſurrounded young Surry, with a deſign to take him alive, but he reſolved not to yield, but die, as his father had juſt done, ſword in hand. Here an affecting ſpectacle offers, two worthy characters, Norfolk and Surry, the firſt ſtretched a victim at the feet of his ſon, and the ſon oppreſſed by thoſe who had cauſed the death of his father, without one friend to ſupport him. He fought in the midſt of numbers till his ſtrength was exhauſted, when two of the King's courageous knights, Sir Richard Clarendon, and Sir William Conyers, were reſolved to reſcue him or periſh in the attempt. This Savage obſerving, who himſelf as well as his ſword, was dyed in blood, ſurrounded them with ſome of his people, who cut them

to

to pieces. Savage made many attempts to ſave them, but could not; and now, Surry was again left alone to cope with a ſurrounding multitude, and his powers gone. This being remarked, a ſecond attempt was made, by a private ſoldier to take him priſoner, which Surry diſdaining, collected ſtrength from anger, and at one deſperate blow, cut off his arm, which fell to the ground. This done, he preſented the hilt of his ſword to Talbot, deſiring him to put a period to his life, that it might not be taken by an ignoble hand. "God for-
"bid, ſays the generous Talbot, that I
"ſhould ſtain my character with the blood
"of ſo brave a youth. You have not erred;
"the fault was your father's." "I wonder,
"replied Surry, that the noble Talbot ſhould
"inſult the vanquiſhed, in diſtreſs. We
"had

" had the right, but the ſword is transfer-
" ring it to you. I ſhall never repent the
" choice I made, neither can my honour
" ſuffer by that choice. Our maxim is,
" *To ſupport the Crown of England.* Who-
" ever wears it, I will fight for; nay, were
" it placed upon a hedge-ſtake, I ſhould
" think it my duty to defend it." This expreſſion was afterwards reported to Henry; and though Surry was ſent to the Tower, it proved a means of reconciliation, and he afterwards fulfilled his own remark, by becoming a faithful adherent to Henry. This Earl of Surry may be ſaid to have *produced a Houſe of Lords*, for from him deſcended eleven diſtinct families of the name of *Howard*, who roſe into Peerage, by the titles of Norfolk, Nottingham, Bindon, Northampton, Eſkrick, Norwich, Suffolk,

Suffolk, Berkſhire, Carliſle, Stafford, and Effingham; a ſimilar caſe of fertile nobility is not upon record.

It was now paſt eleven. The battle had continued about one hour, without much advantage gained by either ſide, except, that Richard had loſt Norfolk and Surry, his principal officers. No part of their forces had been vanquiſhed. Only the front line of each army had been engaged, nor had they much varied their ground. The two chiefs had kept their ſtation, Richard in the center of his rear, and Henry, towards the left of his; when Richard, attended by his officers, making an effort to aſſiſt the van, a ſcout came upon the full run, and informed the King, "that Richmond was poſted behind the hill, with "a ſlender attendance." Richard, fired at the

the news, altered his deſign of reinforcing the van, and marching up the aſcent, the perſon of Henry was particularly pointed out to him, for he did not know him. He graſped his ſpear, fixed it in the reſt, and exclaimed, "Let all true Knights attend "me, and I will ſoon put an end to the "quarrel; but if none will follow, I will "try the cauſe alone."

After ſuch a declaration, it would have been difficult even for a coward to ſtay behind. He inſtantly ſpurred his horſe into a gallop, and rode out of the right flank, attended, among others, by Francis Lord Viſcount Lovell, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Richard Radcliffe, Sir Gervis Clifton, Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Cateſby, &c. with their followers; none of them ſhewing ſigns of fear, except

Cateſby.

Cateſby. They rode directly towards Henry, with the King in front, and Sir William Stanley with 3,000 men ſtanding neuter at his right elbow. It is a melancholy reflection, but was happily hid from their eyes, that every one of them, Lovell excepted, was following his Sovereign to death!

Richard is repreſented as having loſt the battle, and diſdaining to ſurvive the diſgrace, ruſhed into the heat of the action, to ſell his life at the deareſt rate. Here ſeems another miſtake; for this deſperate plan, formed in a moment, was not an ill-concerted one; he was ſtill uncertain whether Stanley would declare for Henry, and as Henry was thinly guarded, he ſtood a fair chance, by a bold ſtroke, of being inſtantly diſpatched, and then the field was won. Beſides, Richard's courage was invin-

cible, ten ſuch men might have withſtood a hundred. This was one of thoſe daring enterprizes, which is condemned or applauded, according to its good or ill ſucceſs. By the laſt ſentence in his oration, he ſeemed reſolved to embrace an opening, ſhould one offer, however dangerous.

Though Richard took his ſpear, he did not uſe it, but truſted to his ſword. Sir William Brandon, the Earl's ſtandard bearer, was the firſt perſon he approached, who, faſcinated as with a baſiliſk, at the intrepid boldneſs of the King, could neither reſiſt nor depart, but ſeemed to fall by his own aſtoniſhment. Richard at one ſtroke, cleft his head, ſeized the ſtandard, and with a vengeance threw it on the ground. This was a red dragon, upon a green and white ſilk, the enſign of Cadwallador, the laſt

laſt king of the Britons, maternal anceſtor to Henry.

He inſtantly attacked the powerful Sir John Cheney, who, after the faint reſiſtance of a moment, was unhorſed. Theſe were not the acts of a little, puny, decrepit fellow, with a withered arm! He paid no attention to thoſe on the right, or the left, except to kill them, but the ſpirit of the hero growing into that of the mad-man, he thought of nothing but cutting his way to Henry.

If Henry moved at all it was backwards. He continually permitted his people to interfere, ſuffered their numbers to thicken, and never ſhewed the leaſt ſign of advancing. The ferocity of Richard would have terrified a better man than Henry.

Hitherto

Hitherto Richard's was a well laid plan; he was winning a battle by conſternation on one ſide, and valour on the other. All ſides gave way; Richmond was in the utmoſt danger, and fortune ſeemed much inclined in the King's favour. Sir William Stanley obſerving this, inſtantly cloſed with his 3,000 men, nearly ſurrounded thoſe with the King, prevented others from advancing, who ſhewed no great inclination to advance, and by dint of numbers, and ſurprize, gave an effectual turn to the fortune of the day. This was perhaps the moſt critical moment in Richard's life. Victory had ſuſpended the ſcales between the combatants, which were as equally poized as with a level guinea. Richard's ſeemed at length to preponderate. She beheld it with a ſmile; but inſtantly turned away, Stanley threw his whole weight into Henry's ſcale,

and

and the King's was found wanting. Had Sir William deferred his assistance but one minute, he might have deferred it for ever; Henry must either have fallen or fled.

Here we stand amazed at two similar incidents, which happened nearly together, to which history cannot add a third. The Duke of Buckingham, as mentioned before, was the person who set the crown upon Richard's head, and Richard, in return, cut off Buckingham's. Thus a favour too great to be rewarded with benefits, is rewarded with death. Sir William, by this timely support, was the person who alone set the crown on Henry's head, nay, perhaps saved his life; and yet Henry, ten years after, beheaded Sir William. One would think, if a man confers a remarkable favour, it ought to be on him who has no *powers* of

return, for fear of incurring the greateſt injury. The only crime *openly* alledged againſt this unhappy man was, that while Perkin Warbeck obtruded himſelf upon the world, for the Duke of York, he ſhould ſay, "If I was ſure he was the ſon of Edward "the Fourth, I would never draw my ſword "againſt him." A man may be charged with treaſon for *fighting*, but we rarely find him ſo charged for declaring he will not. Henry was fond of ſeeing the officers of the crown grow rich by lucrative places, and as fond of quarrelling with them, that he might draw thoſe riches to himſelf. Thus he filled the places, and reaped the profits. Stanley loved money, was immenſely rich, and his greateſt crime was thought to be his wealth. Henry muſt have been a complete maſter of addreſs, or he durſt not have ventured to pay a friendly viſit to Lord Stanley

immediately after he had deſtroyed his brother.

The eye of fear is ever watchful. Cateſby was the firſt who ſaw the approach of Stanley, apprized the King of his danger, and aſſured him there was no diſgrace, when deſtruction was at hand, in conſulting his ſafety by flight; and inſtantly retreated. Richard, with an angry look, branded him for a coward, and declared that he himſelf would never ſubmit.

During this dreadful conflict it was the fortune of Brakenbury, and Hungerford to meet. Brakenbury called him traitor, and accuſed him in the harſheſt terms for deſerting his Sovereign, to ſerve a rebel, and an out-law. Hungerford replied, "He would "return him ſomething more ſolid than

"words," and aimed so violent a blow at his head, silvered with grey hairs, as would have pierced his burganet, had not Brakenbury that moment raised his left arm to sustain it; but the violence of the stroke slit his shield, and rendered it useless. Hungerford delivered his own target to his squire, saying at the same time to Brakenbury, "He would take no advantage of a "naked antagonist, they should now fight "on equal terms." But it may be replied, though they were equal in arms, they were not equal in years, for it was active life against old age. They renewed the conflict, aiming many furious blows at each other's head, till Brakenbury's helmet was knocked to pieces, and himself sorely wounded. Boucher called out, "brave Hungerford, "spare his life, he has been our friend, "and may be so again!" but it was too

late, his wounds were mortal, and he breathed his laſt on the ground. He was a gentleman of ſtrict honour, and would not condeſcend to ſtain his hands with the blood of the young Princes, though perhaps tempted by his Sovereign.

Should a tyrant ariſe, who invades the rights of mankind, it would be prudent for every man to riſe againſt him, becauſe all are intereſted; for the injuſtice he offers to one, he would to another. But when two worthleſs characters, like thoſe of Richard and Henry, contend for that which neither have a right to, what pity it is they are not left perſonally to decide the diſpute, without drawing in the innocent, nay, even fathers, brothers, and friends to deſtroy each other. Sir John Byron, and Sir Gervis

Clifton, were intimate friends, and neighbours, being both Nottinghamſhire Gentlemen. And though Byron fought under Henry, and Clifton under Richard, it no way diminiſhed their friendſhip, but proved, what rarely happens, that friendſhip genuine. They had exchanged a prior oath, "that if "either of them was vanquiſhed, the other "ſhould intercede with the conquorer, that "the eſtate of the loſer might not be for-"feited, but enjoyed by his family." While Clifton was bravely fighting in the troop, he received a blow which overpowered him, and he fell. Byron obſerving the fall, quitted the ranks, and ran to the relief of his ſuffering friend, ſuſtained him on the ground, guarded him with his ſhield, and intreated him to ſurrender. Clifton replied, "All is over; I beg my dear friend "you will remember the oath between us.

"Victory

"Victory is your's. Uſe all your intereſt, "that my lands may not be taken from my "children." The worthy Byron, upon the point of renewing his promiſe, perceived his friend was departing, and exclaimed with emotion, "Stay, my dear Clifton, "ſtay!" but alas! the wound was mortal, and the unfortunate Clifton expired in the field. Perhaps Byron performed the oath he took, and the promiſe he would have renewed; for Sir Gervis Clifton, the deſcendant of him who fell, now enjoys the ſame eſtate, which was poſſeſſed by his anceſtors many centuries prior to the battle of Boſworth. The quarrel between the two roſes was peculiarly unfortunate to the Clifton family, for though this gentleman fell for the houſe of York, his father, fourteen years before, being vanquiſhed at Tewkeſbury, in fighting for that of Lancaſter, was one of ſixteen

officers who took ſanctuary in the church. Edward the Fourth purſued them with a drawn ſword, but was met in the porch, by the prieſt, who, preſenting the ſacrament, would not ſuffer him to defile the place with blood, nor even enter till he had promiſed a pardon. A ſtriking inſtance of eccleſiaſtical power. This was on Saturday the fourth of May, but by Monday, Edward had forgot his promiſe, and brought every one of them to the block.

Richard might now be ſaid to have been in the midſt of a fire, and that of his own kindling. He continued his ferocity till his powers and his friends failing, for every one of his followers was either fallen or fled, he ſtood ſingle in center of his enemies; when, becoming leſs deſperate, through weakneſs, many durſt approach within the length

length of a ſword, who, ſome minutes before, durſt not venture within the length of a ſpear. Richmond's people having ſo fair a mark as a hated King, unguarded, were eager to kill Richard; and Richard, dreadfully circumſtanced, had no objection to be killed. Deſpicable as his body is repreſented, he ſuſtained a great deal of beating, before he was beaten down; but as the ſturdieſt oak muſt give way to a multitude of axes, Richard at length fell, fighting an army! His body was covered with wounds. His helmet, which, like a cullendar, was full of holes, had loſt the crown, and was beaten into every form but the right. Had a ſtranger afterwards examined the field, the moſt abuſed helmet he could find, he might ſafely conclude had been Richard's.

Thus fell Richard the Third, one of the greateſt

greateſt heroes, and one of the moſt diſhoneſt men recorded in hiſtory. Perhaps he was the laſt man ſlain in this battle, except in the purſuit, and if ſo, the laſt in the Plantagenet quarrel. The conteſt had continued more than thirty years, in which had been killed 100,000 men, but what is rather ſingular, the firſt man that fell, and the laſt, ſtood at the head of the houſe of York, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and his grandſon Richard the Third.

While we ſurvey this awful field, the firſt in conſequence in the whole iſland, that of Battle in Suſſex excepted, we conſider it as claſſic ground. Here contemplation brings in review, important deeds, and their more important effects. To this field, Richard brought an aching heart, and a faithleſs army, loſt both, and was declared a traitor,

traitor, becauſe unfortunate. Richmond approached it, doubtful whether he ſhould find a throne, or a block; whether he ſhould put on the ermine, or the ſhrowd. Here Norfolk fell, out of gratitude to that prince, who had raiſed him to greatneſs; and the brave Surry was within a hair's breadth of loſing that life, which replenished both houſes of Parliament. Here Brandon ſunk under Richard's ſword, and his own ſurprize; and Sir William Stanley ſet the crown on Henry's head, by which he loſt his own. Oxford, from a deſolate wanderer, recovered the ancient patrimony of his houſe, and Lord Stanley, while betraying his maſter, could have nothing in view, but victory, or the axe; nay, deſtruction hung over the Stanley family, by a ſlender thread. On this ſpot Richard owed his ruin to his valour, and that valour prevented the ruin of

the

the Stanleys. Here a friendſhip was diſplayed between Byron and Clifton, which is no where ſurpaſſed in hiſtory. Here Conyers and Clarendon ſuffered for the moſt generous act, and here the fate of a mighty nation was determined.

From the time Richard galloped out of the right flank, till he fell, could not be more than fifteen minutes, but they were ſome of the moſt remarkable minutes we read of. They for ever cloſed the bleeding wounds of the two houſes. They extinguiſhed the ancient and heroic line of Plantagenet. A period was put to the enormous power of the Barons, which had bound the people, and bullied the crown; and to the ſtill more enormous power of the prieſthood, which had bullied both. They diſpelled the clouds of ignorance and ſuperſtition,

perſtition, and obliged the witch, the ghoſt, and the wizard for ever to hide their faces. They opened the door for light, knowledge, and letters. They were the dawn of the arts. The world was taught to conſider the lower ranks of men as part of the human ſpecies, who, before had only been conſidered as ſlaves and villains; that every man had a right to his property, and if he poſſeſſed no property, he had ſtill a right to himſelf. They promoted a beneficial union between England and Scotland; which, being founded on natural principles, became permanent, by which harmony is preſerved, and the lives of thouſands ſaved. The united kingdom was taught by theſe fifteen minutes, to increaſe in commerce, in riches, in civilization, in power, and ſoon to riſe the arbitreſs of Europe.

If

If we conſider the part of the field where Richmond marched up, with the moraſs on his right: his own ſituation, towards the left of the ſecond line, the hill over which the King marched, when he firſt ſaw him, and the way the royal forces retreated, they will nearly point out the ſituation of both armies and the ſpot where Richard fell. This ſpot muſt have been at the foot of the hill, near Amyon-lays; and the united traditions of the country ſerve to prove it. They report, that Richard was ſlain while his horſe was ſet faſt in a bog. Sir William's people certainly ſurrounded him; and while in that ſituation, they muſt have fought upon firm ground. But when the King was left alone, by loſing his friends, he was probably driven into the bog, formed by the ſprings, and the rivulet, where he fell.

The

The blood of the ſlain tinged the little ſtream long after the battle, particuliarly in rain. The battle being fought in a dry ſeaſon, much of the blood would lodge upon the ground, become baked with the ſun, and be the longer in waſhing off; which inſpired a belief in the country people, that the rivulet runs blood to this day, and they frequently examine it. Poſſeſſed with this opinion, they refuſe to drink it; while King Richard's well, on the other ſide of the hill, has had, by the nymphs and the ſwains, many an hogſhead of ſugar diſſolved in its water. Thus the honourable blood of the Plantagenets, the pride of Engliſh hiſtory, which had ſwayed the Britiſh ſceptre for ages, was mixed with that of the peaſant, and both went to ſupply a gutter.

At the death of the King, oppoſition ceaſed,

ceaſed, part of his troops remained in the field, the reſt fled different ways, but chiefly towards Stoke, leaving Sutton-Cheney, and Dicken's-nook, near a mile on the left, and were purſued with ſlaughter, by the victors. This is corrobotated by the human bones and war-like implements often found, particularly in about 1585, when the lordſhip of Stoke was incloſed; and by the pits, or hollows, with which, their route to crown hill is marked; for though tradition can aſſign no reaſon for the hollows, I judge they were the graves of thoſe who fell, and were promiſcuouſly tumbled in by heaps, which would ſink into hollows, as the bodies decayed.

Authors differ exceedingly with regard to the ſlain, and I am not able to ſet them right. But as only the front lines were engaged,

engaged, and as neither ſide ſhifted their ground, nor fought with remarkable vigour, I am inclined to think the numbers which fell during the battle, were nearly equal; and as Henry is ſaid to have loſt about one hundred, Richard, perhaps did not loſe many more. The greateſt carnage muſt have been in the purſuit, which continued two miles, and about forty or fifty minutes. This would probably increaſe the number to nine hundred. Henry attended his people in this ſpecies of deſtruction; Lord Stanley purſued the vanquiſhed troops, and Sir William ſtaid to pillage the field.

We are told, the greater part of Richard's army never ſtruck a blow; that is, the two wings, and the rear; which proves they were not firm to his intereſt; how then could he prepare a ſufficient force to oppoſe the two

Stanleys! He could not be ſaid even to command his own army! Part of theſe neutral forces, which compoſed the rear, were under the command of Henry Earl of Northumberland, amounting to two or three thouſand men, who grounded their arms, to ſhew Richmond's people, they had nothing to fear from *them*. The keen-eyed Richard had before expreſſed to Lord Ferrers, his ſuſpicions of Northumberland, and, perhaps for that reaſon, placed him in the rear to watch him himſelf; the honeſt Ferrers, like many a duped perſon after him, "I wondered there could be ſuch duplicity "in the world," forgetting that he who talks moſt of his probity has none. At the ſame time Ferrers renewed his promiſes of fidelity, for which he received his ſovereign's applauſe and his thanks. Northumberland had but little reaſon to be ſatisfied with the

houſe

houſe of York; perhaps he had not forgot the death of his father, in the cauſe of Lancaſter, at Towton-field, when that blood-thirſty butcher, Edward the Fourth, ordered his troops to give no quarter. There thirty-ſix thouſand innocent people were ſlaughtered, in diſputing which of two men ſhould wear a crown, claimed by both, but deſerved by neither. Nor was it of the leaſt conſequence to the multitude, which wore it. Probably the prior warning given to the Duke of Norfolk, by the papers left at his gate, and the diſtich over his tent door, the night preceding the battle, originated from Northumberland. He experienced Henry's ſmiles, was inſtantly taken into favour, honoured with a ſeat at the council-board, proved faithful to his intereſt, and four years after loſt his life in his ſervice.

Richard was the only Engliſh monarch ſince the conqueſt, who fell in battle, and the ſecond who fought in his crown; an indication of courage, becauſe from ſuch a diſtinguiſhing mark, the perſon of majeſty is readily ſingled out for deſtruction; Henry the Fifth appeared in his at Agincourt, which was the means of *ſaving* his life, by ſuſtaining a ſtroke with a battle-axe, which cleft it. But Richard's falling off, in his laſt fiery ſtruggle, was taken up by a private ſoldier, who contrived to ſecret it in a buſh in the field, perhaps with a view to ſecure it for himſelf. But being diſcovered, it was delivered to Sir Reginald Bray; hence ariſes the device of a crown in a hawthorn buſh, at each end of Henry's tomb, in Weſtminſter Abbey.

When the purſuit was over, Bray delivered the battered crown to Lord Stanley,

who

who placed it on Henry's head, hailed him King, and, as uſual, ſung Te-Deum, and taught the ſoldiers to huzza the rural monarch with, "Long live King Henry." This was performed upon a hill near Stoke, from thence called crown-hill, forty-three acres. At the incloſure of the manor, this hill was divided into four parts, three of which bear the names of upper, middle, and lower *Crown-hill*, and the fourth *Hollow-meadow*, from the ſoldiers hollaing when Henry was crowned. Tradition tells us, they raiſed their voices to the higheſt pitch, to inform their companions in Boſworth-field, in full view of each other acroſs the valley, that the puſuit was over, and the victory compleat. Thus Henry acquired with eaſe what he valued the moſt, and had the longeſt wiſhed for, *a crown*. It is curious to obſerve what prudence and perſe-

verence he uſed to overthrow the houſe of York, and acquire it. Our hiſtorians erroneouſly ſuppoſe, the two years between the defeat of Buckingham and the victory of Boſworth, were ſpent at the court of France; but great part of that time was employed in travelling ſecretly among the powerful families in Wales, to ſolicit their aid, and ſome little, in paying his addreſſes to Miſs Herbert. Pennant in his tour tells us that while Henry was at Tremoſtyn in Flintſhire, about dinner-time, a party attached to Richard, arrived with intent to apprehend him, but, with the aſſiſtance of the family, he had juſt time to leap out of a back window and eſcape through a hole, which to this day is called *the King's hole*. Richard-ap-Howel, lord of the place, paternal anceſtor to the preſent Sir Roger Moſtyn, afterwards attended him to Boſ-

worth,

worth-field. When the battle was over, Henry invited him to court, but the honeſt Welchman nobly replied, *I will dwell among mine own people.* Henry then preſented him with the ſword and belt he had worn that day, with which, attended by his followers, he retreated into Wales, the little king of half a county; and theſe relicks of victory were, till lately, preſerved in the family. There is but one inſtance upon record, where a crown has been won with leſs difficulty, that of the revolution between James the Second, and William the Third; the reaſon of both was the ſame, a national diſlike to the reigning prince; both may be ſaid to have been reduced by their own forces. Henry was the only ſovereign we read of, crowned in the open field, and his military coronation was performed without a prayer.

The track which Richmond marched from the camp to the engagement, and from thence to Crown-hill, formed the letter vee reverſed, Λ, he approached by the left limb, and retreated by the right. The road by which the King's troops advanced, and retreated forms the ſame, and as both retreated one way, they unitedly form ſomething like a double u, Μ.

This battle, deſtructive to many, furniſhed the country people with domeſtic utenſils. A blackſmith aſſured me he had found a ſword blade, which he uſed for a drill-bow. An old woman converted part of another into a hanging ſpit, for roaſt-meat, ſo that it continued its ancient practice of wounding fleſh. Between King Richard's well, and the ſummit of Amyon-hill, is a bed of ſand, perhaps an acre, the only

only one in the whole neighbourhood; a gentleman told me he ſaw dug out of this bed, a ſword and a candleſtick, a yard beneath the ſurface, both perfect. The ſword no doubt was a genuine antique, but the candleſtick was probably the relic of a thief, who had ſtolen ſand in the night.

An antiquary of my acquaintance, travelling over theſe ſolitary regions, bought a ſword of a peaſant, for ſix-pence, found in opening a gravel pit, near Stoke, in high preſervation; but as it carried no ancient marks, its authenticity was doubtful. I therefore applied to every ſword-maker in Birmingham, who all agreed, it was of German conſtruction, and by comparing it with others of various periods, left no reaſon to doubt its being the ſpoils of Boſworth Field, and had been drawn by an officer of horſe

horſe. The ignorance of the ſeller, and the miſerable price it ſold for, prove there was no deceit in the bargain; they alſo prove the great value of money, and the ſmall value ſet by the natives, upon a leading curioſity, which if made public, would readily have brought five guineas.

Henry was not the only perſon who received honours in the field, for he knighted ſeveral gentlemen, as Gilbert Talbot, John Mortimer, Richard-ap-Thomas, Robert Points, Humphry Stanley, John Turberville, Robert Willoughby, Hugh Perſhull, Richard Edgcombe, John Biekenyle, De Baron de Carow, &c.

Crown-hill, proſperous to Henry, and his followers, being upon ſale ſome years back; a gentleman, perhaps from the ſingu-

larity of the place and the actions upon it, wiſhed to become the purchaſer. The price was eleven hundred pounds. Having no money, he hired the whole ſum at five per cent. Suffering the intereſt to run in arrears, the mortgagee obliged him to ſell the eſtate, to diſcharge the debt. This happening under Lord North's adminiſtration, when the American conteſt had reduced the value of land, it brought only nine hundred, which left a large debt uncovered. To ſecure this, he was obliged to mortgage, to the ſame perſon, a paternal eſtate of about one hundred acres, ſituate between Crown-hill, and Lord Stanley's camp. A ſecond neglect of intereſt, and a repeated renewal of the mortgagee, ſoon devoured the paternal eſtate, which was ſold in Nov. 1787, to clear the original debt of Crown-hill. Thus, upon that ſpot where Henry found a crown, and

his

his adherents victory, and honour, another found his ruin.

Sir William Brandon was the only perſon of note, who fell on the ſide of Henry; but the officers on that of Richard ſuffered greatly, among whom were John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Richard Radcliffe, Sir William Conyers, Sir Richard Clarendon, Sir Robert Brakenbury, the Lord Zouch, and Sir Jervis Clifton. Lord Lovell ran away, and two years after fought againſt Henry, at Stoke, where he loſt his life, or at leaſt was heard of no more. Humphry, and Thomas Stafford, took ſanctuary in St. John's, Glouceſter. The grandmother of the Lord Ferrers ſlain here, was heireſs of the houſe of Birmingham. He himſelf was anceſtor to the preſent Lord Hereford, and by marrying the heireſs of Ferrers,

Ferrers, was the firſt proprietor of Caſtle-Bromwich of the name of Devereux. His great grandſon erected the preſent hall, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The body of King Richard being found among the ſlain, covered with wounds, duſt, and blood, after ſuffering many ſhameful indignities, was hung over a horſe, like a calf, behind a purſuivant at arms, named *Blanch Sanglier*, or White-boar, the name of his office, he waring a ſilver boar upon his coat, the cognizance of Richard, and was carried to Leiceſter in triumph, that afternoon. The corpſe was perfectly naked, the feet hung on one ſide, the hands on the other, and the head lately adorned with a crown, dangling like a thrum-mop. No King ever made ſo degraded a ſpectacle; humanity and decency ought not to have

ſuffered

ſuffered it. *Carte* ſays they tied a rope about his neck, which is very probable, and perhaps about his feet, or he could not well have been faſtened to the horſe. This was meant as a diſgrace to Richard, but it reflected more upon Henry, or his followers; for to inſult weakneſs is highly blameable, but more to inſult the dead.

The corpſe was expoſed two days to public view, in the town hall; this was Henry's policy, to prevent a future impoſter, and his pride to ſhew himſelf a conqueror, and then interred without ceremony, in the Gray-friers' church. Here Richard reſted about fifty years, with a ſcrubby alabaſter monument erected over him by Henry. At the deſtruction of religious houſes, his remains were turned out of their little tenement by the town's people, and loſt, and

his

his coffin of ſtone, was converted into a watering-trough at the White-Horſe, in Gallow-tree-gate. Thus all the grandeur for which Richard exerted uncommon talents, ended in a ſtile below a beggar.

I took a journey to Leiceſter, in 1758, to ſee a trough which had been the repoſitory of one of the moſt ſingular bodies that ever exiſted, but found it had not withſtood the ravages of time. The beſt intelligence I could obtain was, that it was deſtroyed about the latter end of the reign of George the Firſt, and ſome of the pieces placed as ſteps in a cellar, at the ſame inn where it had ſerved as a trough.

All Richard's credit expired with him, the breath of the Tudors compleatly blaſted

blasted his character; even the country people, to this day, seldom honour him with his real name, but depricate him with the epithet of *King Dick*.

The fluctuations of the human mind are remarkable; the tide of applause runs parellel with the tide of prosperity; when this falls, the voice of popular favour falls with it. While the house of York swayed the British sceptre, the *white rose* was held in repute, bloomed on the bosom of beauty, and on the sign-post of the publican; but when that house fell, it faded with it, and from that moment was elevated no more. Even now, if ever we see the sign of the rose, it is always a red; nay, it was but recently, that this innocent and lovely flower recovered its prestine credit; for in the contests

teſts between the houſes of Stuart and Brunſwick, it was ſuppoſed to be tainted with the ſmell of treaſon.

During the ſovereignty of Richard, the *White-Boar* alſo was a common ſign. A compliment was paid him without the houſe, and his health drank within; but at his death, the landlords took down their White-Boars, and where any one omitted it, the fickle multitude pulled it down for him; and to this day, we often behold the ſign of the *Black Boar*, and the *Blue-Boar*, but never the white. Tradition tells us, the Inn where Richard ſlept at Leiceſter, was the White-Boar, in honour of the ſovereign, but the proprietor, like others, was obliged to change it for the blue. The King had alſo added to the college of Heralds, a pur-

ſuivant at arms called Blanch-Sanglier, or White-Boar, from his own creſt, mentioned above, as former princes had created *Blue-Mantle, Rouge-Croſs, &c.* but after this officer had been obliged, in a ſcandalous manner, to carry his dead ſovereign, Henry annihilated the office, and ſubſtituted that of *Rouge-Dragon* in honour of himſelf.

The ſagacious Henry inſtantly diſpatched Sir Robert Willoughby from Leiceſter to Sheriff-Hutton, in Yorkſhire, to ſeize one of the greateſt, and moſt unfortunate of the human race, Edward Earl of Warwick, only ſon of George Duke of Clarence, the laſt of the Plantagenet race, whoſe melancholy ſtory can ſcarcely be read without tears. In him we behold the higheſt degree of innocence, and of puniſhment.

The

The blood of this inoffenſive prince, has left a ſtain upon Henry's character, which nothing can efface.

Although Cateſby, through whoſe treachery Haſtings loſt his life, endeavoured to ſave his own by deſerting Richard in his laſt moments, yet he was taken priſoner, carried with others, in triumph to Leiceſter, and ſome ſay, executed that day, others the next, but all are miſtaken; for Henry ſtaid two days at Leiceſter, and then purſued his courſe to London, where he arrived on Sunday the 28th, carrying in front Richard's three ſtandards, the chief of which was St. George; theſe he erected in Paul's church, and left Cateſby for execution. The laſt will of this victim to conqueſt, which is curious, and may be ſeen in Dug-

dale's Warwickſhire 552, proves him alive the 25th, three days after the battle. It alſo proves him, under his own hand, a diſhoneſt man, in amaſſing a fortune by unfair means. He expreſſes a friendſhip for Lovell, and ſeems angry with Stanley and Strange. He was deſcended from a very ancient family at Lapworth, near Birmingham, was bred to the law, in which profeſſion he had acted for Buckingham, Haſtings, and the Stanleys. Two gentlemen from the north, of the name of Brecher, were beheaded with him. Thus the firſt regal act performed by Henry, was an act of tyranny, the very fault for which his predeceſſor was depoſed.

That Richard was not ſo little beloved as our hiſtorians repreſent, appears by the veneration in which he was held, long after his

his death, in the northern counties, where he reſided in youth; alſo by the following gentlemen, who were firm in his intereſt, and were all at the battle, for which they were attainted by Henry when he called a parliament,

John Duke of Norfolk
Thomas Earl of Surry
Francis Lord Lovell
Walter Lord Ferrers
John Lord Zouch
Robert Harrington
Richard Charlton
Richard Ratcliffe
William Barkley, of Weley-caſtle, near Birmingham
Robert Middleton
James Harrington

Robert Brakenbury
Thomas Pilkington
Walter Hopton
William Cateſby
Roger Wake
William Sapcoat, of Huntingdonſhire
Humphry Stafford
William Clarke, of Wenlock
Jeffery St. German
Richard Wilkins, Herald at Arms
Richard Revell, of Derbyſhire
Thomas Poulter, of Kent
John Welch, otherwiſe Haſtings
John Kendall, Secretary to King Richard
John Buck, brother to the hiſtorian
Andrew Rat and
William Brampton, of Burford,

Sir

Sir Gervis Clifton, not being in this catalogue of unfortunate names, is a farther evidence that the faithful Byron fulfilled his friendly engagement.

As the battle of Bosworth was the last between the roses, I shall exhibit a dreadful table of those scenes of butchery, which originated from ambition, and are shocking to humanity.

No.	*Battles.*	*When fought.*	*Commanders for York.*
1	St. Alban's	May 23, 1455	Duke of York
2	Blore heath	Sep. 23, 1459	Earl of Saliſbury
3	Northampton	July 10, 1460	Earl of Warwick
4	Wakefield	Dec. 31, 1460	Duke of York
5	Mortimer's croſs	Feb. 2, 1461	Earl of March
6	St. Alban's	Feb. 17, 1461	Earl of Warwick
7	Towton-field	Mar. 29, 1461	Edw. the Fourth
8	Hexham	June 24, 1463	Mar. of Montague
9	Banbury	July 26, 1469	Earl of Pembroke
10	Stamford	April 27, 1470	Edw. the Fourth
11	Barnet	April 14, 1471	Edw. the Fourth
12	Tewkeſbury	May 4, 1471	Edw. the Fourth
13	Boſworth	Aug. 22, 1485	Richard the Third

Commanders for Lancaſter.	*Who victorious.*	*Slain.*
Duke of Sumerſet	York	5,600
Lord Audley	York	2,400
Duke of Sumerſet	York	14,000
Queen Margret	Lancaſter	2,200
Earl of Pembroke	York	4,800
Queen Margret	Lancaſter	2,900
Duke of Sumerſet	York	36,776
Duke of Sumerſet	York	2,100
Sir John Conyers	Lancaſter	6,500
Sir Robert Wells	York	13,000
Earl of Warwick	York	10,000
Duke of Sumerſet	York	4,000
Earl of Richmond	Lancaſter	900
		105,176

It muſt be obſerved, the numbers ſpecified to have been ſlain in ſome of the battles, were ſuch *only* who fell on the loſing ſide; nor were thoſe included who ſuffered in cold blood, by the axe, and the halter, therefore the numbers deſtroyed in this civil conteſt muſt have far exceeded 105,000.

Henry wiſhed to ſhew to the world he had a better claim to a crown than thoſe derived from marriage, parliament, or the houſe of Lancaſter, by being deſcended from an illuſtrious line of kings, even from the firſt prince that ever ſwayed a Britiſh ſceptre. Poſſeſſed of a true Welch genealogical ſpirit, he inſtituted a commiſſion of antiquaries, to trace his pedigree. The complaiſant commiſſioners endeavoured to gratify his pride by opening the ancient

ancient ſluices of royal blood, and infuſing a copious ſtream into his veins. After riſing to his grandfather, Owen Tudor, who married Queen Catherine, they were contented with three generations of gentlemen; when ſuppoſing they had loſt ſight of detection, they verged upon nobility. They then laid hold upon one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales; and though they afterwards ſunk his anceſtors into private life, for eleven generations, they paſſed in the next through an Earl of Dunſtable. A few more removes brought them to Prince Arthur, and another few, to a King *Coel Godeboe* amounting to thirty one removes above Henry; and though again they let his anceſtors ſink into ſubjects, during fourteen generations more, they ſeized upon the famous *Belin*, who lived ſeventy years before Chriſt, and pronounced

him

him the forty-fifth from Henry. We then open upon a ſumptuous race of Kings, in regular aſcent for forty-one generations! So numerous a progeny of royal ap's is wholly unknown in the hiſtory of man, and would ſtagger even the faith of a Chineſe chronologer. This brings us to the celebrated *King Lear*. And now we have but nine ſteps to mount till we arrive at *Brutus*, fondly ſuppoſed the firſt inhabitant of this iſland. Thus Henry's pride feaſted upon the froth of antiquity, and his wiſdom was duped by his vanity. I am ſurprized the modeſt commiſſioners ſtopt ſhort at Brutus, for I have ſeen the cobweb ladder of a Welch pedigree ſtretched up to Adam, and the author, even then, ſeemed diſappointed he could rear it no higher, but perhaps they were not able to marſhall another troop of Kings.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER *of the* KING.

Richard the Third, of all the Engliſh Monarchs, bears the greateſt contrariety of character. One would think, that period obſcured in darkneſs, which admits of ſuch flagrant contradictions, and yet, the bold lines of the time, are clearly ſeen, and eaſily deſcribed.

Some few have conferred upon him almoſt angelic excellence, have clouded his errors, and blazened every virtue that could adorn a man. Others, as if only extremes could prevail, preſent him in the blackeſt dye; his thoughts were evil, and that continually, and his actions diabolical; the moſt degraded mind inhabited the moſt deformed body. But when an enemy falls foul upon the perſon, which the owner can neither make nor mend, ſatire becomes a kind of

recommendation, for it indicates that, the features of the mind, which he *might* mend, did not afford sufficient matter for revenge. They brand him a monster from his birth, and though he came before his time, charge him as being born with all his teeth, and hair to his shoulders; however, we cannot charge him with planting either.

But Richard's character, like every other man's, had two sides; nay, in him, it comprehended two extremes, though most writers display but one, and these are best delineated by his actions.

As the prejudice of the Lancastrian writers declined, Richard's mis-shapen body, like a block of marble under the chisel of an artist, assumed a fairer form, and, brightening by degrees, he is incontestibly

proved, at the end of three centuries, to have been a handſome man.

I have already remarked, he was ſhort, and firmly built. He came into the world like other children, reſembled his father in perſon and aſpect. By his coins, pictures, and other repreſentations he was ſtraight. He bore a family likeneſs to his brother Edward, who was one of the handſomeſt men of the age. The Counteſs of Deſmond, who lived to a hundred and thirty, and whoſe picture now graces Windſor Caſtle, danced with Richard in King Edward's court, and declared him "the handſomeſt "man in the room, his brother excepted." But her feeble voice, during the ſway of the Tudors, was loſt in the general cry againſt him, for none of the old hiſtorians mention it.

While

While a minor, in his brother's court, he was good natured and obſequious. While governor in the north, his juſtice, and obliging behaviour, gained him the good will of the inhabitants. While an officer under his brother, though a boy, he diſplayed the moſt accompliſhed military talents; his bravery could ſcarcely be equalled. While a king, he was a man of buſineſs, extremely attentive to juſtice, and paſſed ſome ſingular laws for the good of the ſubject; ſuch as rectifying the returns of juries, which had been ſhamefully abuſed, and attended with falſe verdicts; regulating bail on ſuſpicion of felony; preſerving property till conviction; and removing that hateful burthen couched, under the word *benevolence*. He was exceedingly averſe to the impoſition of taxes, the out-cry of every reign. His liberality was remarkable, and

though

though his desire knew no bounds, he desired nothing but a crown. These are facts which cannot be denied by the most prejudiced person.

On the other hand, instead of giving him every excellence, let us fairly try his character upon the following accusations:

He is charged with the murder of Edward Prince of Wales, after the battle of Tewkesbury. By the best accounts ever submitted to the world, there were only four persons in the room with Edward the Fourth, when Sir Richard Crofts brought in the Prince; Clarence, Dorset, Gloucester, and Hastings. The King having asked him in a majestic tone, "Why he entered his "kingdom in arms?" and having received

this reſolute anſwer, "to recover my right, "unjuſtly uſurped," he ſtruck him in the face with his gauntlet, and departed. This was conſidered by the courtiers, as a declaration of hoſtilities, and they inſtantly ſtabbed him to death. All the Lancaſtrian writers charge this bloody deed upon Richard. *Carte* ſays it was Dorſet and Haſtings, which is very probable, but there is no authority for either. As they were all ſeniors, compared to Richard, it cannot be ſuppoſed a lad of eighteen would firſt draw his dagger, in the preſence of his ſuperiors in age, who had always controuled him. It follows, that the unfortunate Ann Neville, daughter of the king-making Earl of Warwick, who roſe to miſerable greatneſs, by being the wife of Edward Prince of Wales, and afterwards became Queen of England,

by being that of Richard the Third, has been wrongfully accuſed for marrying the murderer of her huſband.

He is alſo charged with the murder of Henry the Sixth in the Tower. But it never was proved that he *was* murdered; notwithſtanding the body was exhibited to public view. I will, however, for arguments ſake ſuppoſe it. His life could not be worth taking by any man, particularly Richard, who had then nothing in proſpect. He never had abilities, his intereſt was gone, his wife a priſoner, and, above all, his ſon was dead, without a chance of more. As the Queen was the moſt miſchievous of the two, there would have been more policy in deſtroying her. Beſides, the ſame plea of childhood holds good in this caſe

as the laſt, for it happened in leſs then five weeks after the death of the prince.

The deſtruction of Clarence, in point of chronology, comes next; and though nothing criminal is proved againſt Richard, I am apprehenſive part of the charge is juſt. Clarence was boiſterous, and though good natured, had but little guard over his tongue. Richard was cunning, ſilent, eloquent at pleaſure, ſhrewd, and deſigning. He early ſet his heart upon the crown, though many removes from it; for he conſidered, though there are many ſteps in a journey, yet for every remove the traveller makes, there is one leſs. Richard kept fair with all parties, and being a complete diſſembler, cautiouſly improved the quarrel between Edward and Clarence, while he

ſeemed

ſeemed the friend of both. This is in part corroborated by an expreſſion which fell from Edward, while lamenting, when too late, the death of his brother. Interceſſion having been made for a criminal, he exclaimed between ſorrow and anger, "How many, and urgent, applications are "made, to ſave a wretch who ought to "die by the laws of his country, but not "one mouth was opened to plead for a bro-"ther in diſtreſs."

While Edward ſat unſecurely on the throne, Richard was his able ſupporter, but when he became eſtabliſhed by the death of Warwick, and the reduction of the Lancaſtrian party, Richard entertained different views, and caſt his own eye towards the throne, fomented diviſions among the nobility, friends to Edward, induced them to

deſtroy each other, that ſhould the King's demiſe happen, during a minority, the crown might be left open for himſelf; but, as before obſerved, it left an opening for Henry. The deaths of Gray, Rivers, Vaughan, and Haſtings, were murders of the blackeſt dye, and are juſtly chargeable to Richard. His ambition was the ſole cauſe, and Buckingham his wretched tool.

The ſeizure of the crown, to which he had no right, was an unjuſt uſurpation. He was not invited to rule, but boldly obtruded himſelf.

Another charge is the death of Edward the Fifth, and his brother. That they were murdered, does not admit a doubt; what elſe could become of them? from the laſt

laſt intelligence, they were under Richard's care. It was no man's intereſt to deſtroy them but his. They were the only obſtacles left to thwart his ambition; and though they had no power, he plainly foreſaw it would ariſe with their years. If one or both had died a natural death, he would certainly have publiſhed it. If he was daring enough openly to remove thoſe who were their known protectors, he would not ſcruple ſecretly to remove them. His ſtrenuous endeavours to get the Duke of York into his power, after he had ſecured the King's perſon, point, as an index towards a diabolical deſign. The confeſſion of Tyrrel and Dighton, two of their murderers, deſerves attention; though rather erroneous, it throws much light on this dreaful act. We are told four perſons only were concerned; Sir James Tyrrel, the temporary commandant of the Tower; John Dighton,

ton, his groom; Miles Forreſt, whom Sir Thomas Moor calls a big ſquare knave; and a prieſt. That ten years after, when Perkin Warbeck perſonated the Duke of York, it became Henry's intereſt to refute the impoſture, by proving the murder. That Tyrrel and Dighton were apprehended, and ſeparately examined, in private, the other two being dead. That Henry publiſhed their confeſſion, which declared, that Dighton and Forreſt had ſmothered them, in a tower, near the Wa-
"ter-Gate (thence called the bloody tower)
"with pillows, while aſleep at midnight,
"in July 1483, and brought Tyrrel, who
"waited upon the ſtairs, to view the dead
"bodies when laid out, and that a prieſt
"had buried them under the ſtair caſe.
"That Richard diſſatisfied with the place
"of their interment, had ordered the prieſt
"to remove them, but they could not tell
"where."

"where." The firſt part is probably true, that they were murdered and laid under the ſtair-caſe, but not by the prieſt. The cautious Henry believed they were deſtroyed, and would gladly have proved it; but had he attempted the proof, and miſcarried, he would have loſt more than by omitting it, and Perkin would have gained what Henry loſt; he therefore reſted the matter upon the bare evidence of the murderers, and durſt not venture to break up the ground. It follows, the latter part of the tale, which declares their interment by the prieſt, and their removal by Richard's order, was evidently fabricated by Henry, to prevent the hazard of a ſearch. If one man kills another, he ſeldom ſends for a prieſt to bury him. Richard was too circumſpect to truſt ſo important a ſecret to more than one perſon; nor was it of conſequence to him

where

where they were hid. The world was ſurprized Henry did not puniſh the murderers; but it would have been more ſurpriſing if he had; for this would have deſtroyed that evidence he wiſhed might exiſt. He knew, as they could never contradict their former aſſertions, they would be living witneſſes in his favour; beſides, a pardon, no doubt, was one of the terms of confeſſion. This dark affair however was cleared up 192 years after the murder. March the 16th, 1675, ſome workmen having orders to remove a flight of ſtairs, leading from the King's lodgings, to the chapel in the White Tower, at the depth of nine feet, they diſcovered a cheſt of elm containing ſome ſmall human bones, as Tyrrel and Dighton had deſcribed, which ſhews part of Henry's account to be fair. Theſe being carefully examined, were found to be thoſe of two boys,

boys, one about twelve, the other ten. The ſcull of one was whole, the other broken by the labourers, as were many of the bones, and the cheſt. They were then caſt away with the rubbiſh. This being known at Court, Charles the Second ordered the rubbiſh to be carefully ſifted, and all the bones preſerved they could find, which are depoſited in a marble urn, inſcribed to the memory of the innocent ſufferers, in Weſtminſter Abbey. This proves Richard a villain; Henry timerous, and deceitful, the murderers confeſſion juſt, and Perkin an impoſtor.

The death of his wife is another allegation againſt him. We are given to underſtand, "that the terms of agreement for a "crown, between Henry and the people, "were to unite the contending parties by "marrying

"marrying the Princeſs Elizabeth; to pre-
"vent which, Richard determined to marry
"her himſelf, therefore, to clear his bed
"for the new bride, diſpatched the old,
"but that the new ſpurned his embraces."
Part of this may be relied on. That ſhe died about that time, is certain, but it is not ſo certain that Richard killed her. She was far gone in a decline, had never known health ſince the loſs of her ſon, a year before, nor did Richard and ſhe live upon ill terms, he treated her with kindneſs; and ſhe accompanied him in his pleaſurable excurſions. Beſides, he was not ſo fond of the match as *really* to promote it; not ſo fond as the lady, though he might be as eager as Henry. *Carte* aſſures us, one of her letters to the Duke of Norfolk, is yet in the Arundel collection, wherein ſhe intreats him to forward her

nuptials

nuptials with the King. Queen Elizabeth, mother to the Princeſs, had often beſpattered Richard by her ſanctuary fire-ſide, at Weſtminſter, and with reaſon. The daughter's anger muſt have kindled againſt him, in proportion to the mother's. But as the crafty Richard found means to win the mother, he would find it a much eaſier taſk to win the daughter. It remains yet to be proved, whether it is in the nature of a woman to refuſe a ſceptre and half a royal bed, how deſpicable ſoever the perſon who offers it. If ſhe affected to deſpiſe Richard's advances, it was only like the Fox in Æſop, deſpiſing the grapes; nor did this happen in Richard's reign, but the next; when the tide of diſgrace ran with ſuch rapidity againſt him it was dangerous to ſpeak in his favour. It was not ſo much his intentions to marry her, as a manœuvre

to

to prevent Henry. He viewed Richmond's ſingle attempt upon the crown as a bravado, eaſily cruſhed; but by ſuch a marriage, a union would be effected between the Houſes, and both operate againſt him, perhaps to deſtruction. Beſides, he kept her a cloſe priſoner till his death, in the caſtle of Sheriff-Hutton, which plainly indicated, he neither wiſhed Henry, nor himſelf to marry her.

His vile attempts to prove his mother an adultereſs, and his brothers baſtards, if true, ſhews a baſeneſs of mind, without parallel.

If Richard, as a ſovereign, could juſtify the execution of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he entirely owed his elevation, and that of St. Leger, his ſiſter's huſband, upon the ſtale principles of rebellion, yet

they

they prove him totally void of gratitude and pity as a man.

There is but a ſlender barrier between the religious man and the hypocrite, and it requires a curious eye to diſcern it. That Richard with all his errors, had a ſtrong tincture of religion, appears from the favour he ſhewed to eccleſiaſtics, and from his being found at devotional exerciſes, when ſolicited to take the crown. But, perhaps, we may ſafely pronounce this an hypocritical farce, to win the people. His charge to the judges to adminiſter juſtice, and his circular letter to the Biſhops for reſtraining vice, prove more in his favour, becauſe the proceedure was voluntary. He gave five hundred marks per annum to Queen's College in Cambridge, which farther

farther proves a religious turn; though, perhaps, this pious act was not void of oſtentation. But a more certain indication was, his fear of affronting the Virgin Mary, ſhould he have marched on the day of her aſſumption.

Three natural children were the conſequence of his amours, to whom he gave the name of Plantagenet, John of Glouceſter, nominal governor of Calais, Catherine, who died in infancy, and a Richard, but little known in hiſtory. As all the flattering proſpects of this laſt expired with the father, he is ſaid, after the battle, to have hid himſelf in obſcure life, at the early period of thirteen, and became a common day labourer, at Eaſtwell, in Kent, in which capacity he lived unknown, under another

name

name, to extreme age. This is teſtified by ſome memoirs preſerved in the Winchelſea family.

Former writers drew Richards character from prejudice, but as time has diminiſhed that prejudice, their ſucceſſors will, with more juſtice, draw it from facts. Perhaps he had a greater number of enemies than any perſon in the whole ſyſtem of Engliſh hiſtory. It was ſaid of Sir Robert Walpole, when he guided the helm under George the Second, "that *he* had more "than any man living." But *his* were only the enemies of a day; Richard's continued for ages! They were diligent in wounding his fame, while his friends, if he had friends, were condemned to ſilence. —Although many crimes were laid to his charge, yet the greateſt of all was *that of loſing the battle of Boſworth!* This added emphaſis to his guilt, gave his antagoniſt

the aſcendant, and enabled Henry to raiſe againſt him the clamour of ages. Had Richard been proſperous, he would, with all his faults, have paſſed through life with éclat. His errors, like thoſe of other monarchs, would have been loſt in oblivion, and himſelf have been handed down to poſterity, as an excellent King. Hiſtory would then have taken an oppoſite turn, and the odium have fallen upon Henry. Many of the Engliſh Princes have been as guilty as Richard, but leſs blamed, becauſe more ſucceſsful. The treatment of Duke Robert by his brothers, William Rufus, and Henry the Firſt, was infinitely more diabolical, than that of Richard to Clarence. King John murdered his nephew, and his ſovereign, as well as Richard, but this is little noticed by the hiſtorian, though Richard was by far the better King. Henry the Fourth ſtands almoſt excuſed,

who

who really murdered Richard the Second, while our hero is condemned for the death of Henry the Sixth, though not guilty. The deſtruction of Warwick, by Henry the Seventh, was as vile a murder, as that of Edward the Fifth; nay, were it poſſible to ſpeak in palliation of this worſt of crimes, Richard was the leaſt culpable, for he had one temptation which Henry had not: Edward the Fifth had an abſolute right to the crown, but Warwick only a ſhadow. And the artful Queen Elizabeth, who, by her addreſs, was idolized by the ſubject, and immortalized by the hiſtorian, baſely deſtroyed a ſovereign Princeſs, over whom ſhe exerciſed power without right, Mary Queen of Scots; and, to augment the cruelty, ſuffered her to be inſulted at the block. ---Richard's crimes originated from ambition, and took their complexion from the boldneſs of his character. Could he have

lawfully

lawfully claimed a crown, he might have made an excellent monarch; or had a crown been totally out of his reach, he might have been a valuable ſubject; but, placed between the two, he partook of both, and marred the ſubject, to make the monarch. He was a faithful ſervant, a brave ſoldier, an admirable legiſlator; yet one of the vileſt of men. Perhaps Hiſtory cannot produce an inſtance of ſuch an aſſemblage of virtues and defects in one perſon. In him were united, as many excellencies as would furniſh ſeveral ſhining characters, and as many faults as would damn a troop.

ERRATA.

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